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A DRAMATIC SKETCH:

WITH

Other Poems.

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BY

SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD,

AUTHOR OF THE SISTERS OF ST. CLARA,
LAYS OF MELPOMENE, &c.

BALTIMORE:
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1825.

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To STACY G. POTTS, Esq.

My Dear Potts:

Poetry has been to me a singular delight and peculiar happiness—an abundant reward and consolation. In the darkest hours of adversity, it has been my only light; in the loneliest solitude, my only friend; amid a heartless world the only faithful thing. I profess not what I feel not—indifference to fame; but that has not been my keenest incentive to composition; that may be a halo which fades as soon as seen—a wreath that withers in the grasp—a beautiful dream, preluding no reality. But the Aonides have blessed me with higher and purer pleasures; pleasures indestructible, because passed beyond the scoff of envy or the sneer of derision. The happiest hours of my life have been the gift of Poetry; and, however personal malevolence or literary partiality may neglect or contemn my productions, I shall always revere that divine art which brings oblivion of poverty and wrong to the bleeding breast. I know very well what is the fate of our choicest native flowers; "the trail of the serpent is over them all"—and that serpent is neglect. But I can endure this destiny with more equanimity, since my secret hours of affliction have been blessed by the purest intellectual enjoyment. Flattery cannot elevate nor malignity depress the consciousness of what is due to me; I shall never be rendered giddy by applause, nor miserable by censure; sensible that contemporary criticism is seldom ingenuous, and that time reverses the capricious judgments of men. If I had been the slave of opinion, I should ere this have been the victim of persecution; if abuse had wounded, its many arrows would have slain. But I bless my God, that he gave me a mind which acknowledges no accountability but to itself and its Creator; relies solely on its own resources; and joys or grieves purely from the impulsions of its own energies. I have never been

accustomed in life to accredit, without examination, the dicta of any man; and it is utterly impossible that I should either fear or reverence the unsupported assertions of anonymous scribblers.

For my enemies, hypercritical and hypocritical, I do, as I have long done, bid them defiance; charitably trusting that their own consciences have not wrought them more suffering than it has been possible for them to inflict on me. They have done their worst, and I have borne it—shall I shrink now? Ridicule, always the resort of those who never meet with any thing wearing even the semblance of reason or humanity, but they incontinently fall into their natural habit of braying, has been from time immemorial lavished by bastard wits and low buffoons, on the best, the wisest, the greatest of mankind; and if (to mention no more) Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Montgomery, have endured the purgatory of splenetic envy, assuredly it would ill beseem me to complain. The Republic of Letters, like all republics, abounds with swaggering clowns, who would fain pass for gentlemen; but no one, who regards his character, would condescend to contend with them, lest they should have some title to honour from that very circumstance. I invite not criticism, and I deprecate it not. Dictatorial reproof I shall always deride; abuse I shall despise; neglect I shall endure; but dispassionate examination and candid remark will ever meet with attention and deference. To all who have heretofore benefitted me by liberal observations, I offer my sincere thanks; to all who have ridiculed my works and calumniated my person, I tender my pity and contempt. I hope my friends will find that their suggestions have been heeded; and my enemies perceive that their vituperations have poisoned none but themselves. I forgive them all—for *this* forgiveness costs me nothing.

To you, my dear friend, as to one who equally despises the fawnings of sycophancy and the virulence of malignity, I dedicate this volume; feeling that from this act of justice I shall derive the double satisfaction of having inscribed the sources of my purest pleasures to one whose blameless life adorns superior

talent. Content to be useful to a world, which, even if it knew, would not because it could not prize you ; happy in your affections, and imparting the fountains of happiness to others by those excellent tales which expose the follies while they commemorate the virtues of mankind ; you have never experienced those vicissitudes and misfortunes which have fallen to the lot of your less wise, less fortunate friend. From your quiet abode you can behold the clouds and storms of fate roll by, not merely unawed, but blest by the contemplation, marking the beauty of their changeful folds and the grandeur of their array. To whom, then, can I more fitly dedicate a volume, which discloses too often, the passions and the woes of human life ? To whom more justly offer this testimonial of friendship and esteem, than to one who has cheered me in its production ? It is certain it would afford me far higher pleasure to see your name in the title-page of a volume of your own tales, than to be enabled to gratify my feelings and honour my work, by appending it to this little publication. But since your modesty interdicts this justice to yourself, it gives me peculiar satisfaction thus publicly to bear record to the moral goodness and intellectual energy of my friend ; and that both may long diffuse their brightness over a darkened world is my continual trust. Accept, my friend, a work of wandering youth, and with it my regrets that it is no more worthy your name and your approbation ; that what has lessened the ills and alleviated the sorrows of my heart may prove accepable in your sight, and in that of all candid and just-principled persons, is the wish and prayer of,

My Dear Potts,

Your Undissembling Friend,

SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

Baltimore, October, 1825.

MINA,

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

PART I.

Scene—The Rancho del Venadito, on the hacienda of Tlachiquera, near the city of Guanaxuato, in New Spain. Time—evening and the night succeeding. Mina seated by an open lattice, and Rosario, his page, dimly seen at the extremity of the room.

MINA.

In this lone mansion of my youthful friend,
Don Mariano, will I rest awhile
From war's tumultuous turmoil and the rage
Of sanguinary horrors, and forget
For some brief space, 'mid nature's still repose,
The miseries of nations. O thou blest Spirit,
Immutable, eternal Liberty!
Thy home is on the mountains and thy sons
Must toil and bleed to gain thy holy shrine,
And break the tyrant's sceptre and bestrew
Their gory pathway with the murderous tools
Of fiendlike dominance;—their midnight couch
Must be the cold damp earth—their bosom friends
The full-charged carabine and sheathless brand,

And the wild cries of forest animals
Or lone responses of tired sentinels,
Their broken slumbers' lullaby. The roar
Of enfiladed musquetry—the clash
Of gleaming sabres, and the shrieks and shouts
Of onset, triumph, agony and death,
Must be the softest accents that awake
The patriot soldier from his tented bed,
And break his feverish dreams of distant loves.
But, oh! where breathes the base degenerate wretch
Who dares not vindicate the holy laws
Of all presiding nature, trampled on?
Who crouches at the tyrant's beck and does
The tyrant's bidding on his suffering peers,
Hath lost the privilege of man and sunk
Nature below her just prerogative.
Where'er one man by conquest or descent
Doth lord it o'er his fellows, and usurp
Power from the nation, who alone may rule,
There let the patriot rise in wrath and hurl
The despot to the dust from which he sprung.
For thee, O heaven descended goddess! thron'd
In man's expanding soul e'en at his birth,
The pride, the glory of his being—long
And deeply hath my heart in silence bled.
Torn from life's best affections—from the love
Of mother, kindred, friend—and, more than all,
Of her who was the birth-star of my fate—
I have devoted my best years to thee:
But now awhile I may count back the links
Of fortune's cankered chain—and trace the clue

Of being through the sufferings and the woes
Of ever-varying destiny, till again
I may behold in memory's light the scenes
Of other days. Alas!

ROSA.

My lord, did'st call?

MINA.

No, good Rosario; dastard nature seeks
To play the tyrant, and perchance I shrunk
A moment from my spirit's dignity.
Prisoned in gross material substance oft
The heav'n-born soul will droop beneath the weight
Of its vast energies, and leave the heart
Sole lord of all its powers; but now 't is past,
The encroaching weakness.—But thy fragile frame,
My little page, unused to war's rude life,
And wasting toils and dangers imminent,
Claims due repose; for me, since early youth
The starred heaven hath been my canopy,
The rock or heath my bed; and I have slept
Among blood-dripping banners, shattered arms,
And corses not yet cold in death, so long
That 't is a luxury, unknown for years,
To slumber 'neath a roof;—guerilla chiefs
Not often find a *rancho* for the night.
Go to thy slumbers, lovely boy!

ROSA.

My lord,
Can I do nought to serve thee—nought to give

Relief to thy fatigued and war-worn frame,
That may assist thy tranquilizing sleep?
Could I but soothe thy spirit into soft
Repose or by most fearful venture find
An opiate for thy heart, I should indeed
Be blest—oh, more than blest, my dearest lord!

MINA.

Thou art a faithful and sweet boy; but what
Canst thou, with all thy tenderness and kind
Observance, do to heal a broken heart
Or still the torrent of a warlike soul?
Canst thou allay the anguish of the past
Or kindle hope into fruition?—On
Thy youthful brow there hangs the solemn shade
Of something ill by-gone; and canst thou pour
Balm o'er a bosom robbed of all its joys?
Thou well mayst turn away when such a task,
Beyond all skill of mortal surgery,
Is set before thee.

ROSA.

Good my lord, didst say
Thy heart was robbed of all its former joys?

MINA.

Ay, thus I said in bitterness; I was
So happy once, it poisons all my speech
To tell my present sorrows. Wouldst thou know,
Rosario, all the pleasures of my youth
And all my past enjoyments—go and ask

The Alpine solitudes of bold Monreal,
The groves that skirt the vallies of Navarre,
The cliff-arched grottoes of the Pyrenees,
And many a bower of bliss that blossoms yet,
And all will tell the tale. But what avails
Weak reminiscence? I have wedded war—
War for the rights of man, and holy bands
Have hallowed my espousals—o'er crossed swords
The irrevocable vow hath soared to heaven,
And deeds have stamped it with the seal of fate,
Unchangeable as Deity! Let the past
Sleep in the unfathomed ocean of the soul
Amid the wreck of glorious things, till time
And chance and change no more have influence
O'er man's fresh budding hopes—to blast and wither!
But why so sad and pale, Rosario?

ROSA.

A thought passed o'er my mind, as thou didst speak,
And I unwittingly upon my brow
Did picture it—but now 't is gone.

MINA.

It was
A thought of gloom: I may reciprocate
Thy generous offering now and seek the cause
Of sorrow in thy soul; perchance, my fate
May teach thee moral warfare with the foes
That make the heart their battlefield, while thou
Art day by day familiar with the strife
That nature's children wage for liberty.

Thou well dost know that this my warring life
Suits not the feelings of my heart; had Spain
Been other than a dungeon of despair,
Contending hosts had never known my name.

ROSA.

I thought, my noble lord, of thy bold deeds
Of high emprise, and as I followed on
From great to greater—from Marina's walls
To San Gregorio. I could but think,
Had'st thou in either of thy battles fall'n,
How many eyes the story of thy fate
Had filled with bitter tears; how many hearts
Writhed in deep anguish at thine early doom!

MINA.

Thanks for thy friendly thought; but why forestall
What fortune's chances may too soon achieve?
Or why imagine, were I gone, no chief
More worthy would be left to wage the war?

ROSA.

But, Signor, thou ere while didst speak of loves;
Their hearts would surely bleed if thou wert gone.

MINA.

There thou art certain and thou well may'st be.
Yes, many would bewail me—many weep
And mourn awhile and then resume their smiles;
There is but one who never would forget
Or cease to sorrow for the daring chief

Who fell on foreign strand; but she's afar
And dead, perchance—away! thy boding speech
Would make a dastard of immortal Mars.
Go, bear my best affection to our host,
The gallant Mariano, and desire
The chief for converse of avail and high
Import to meet me here ev'n now; and then,
Rosario, seek thy couch and court repose,
Drowning thy fancies and thy fears alike.

ROSA.

Be heaven the guardian of my noble chief!

MINA.

Amen, my little page! good-night, Rosario!
(*Exit Rosario.*)
So he hath gone, poor boy! his gentle heart
Owns not the warrior's ardour in the rage
And havoc of conflicting elements;
But, oh, how often hath he soothed the last
Dread moments of the soldier's agonies—
Stanched the deep wound, allayed the burning thirst,
Composed the bloody pillow, raised the head
Delirious with anguish, and with soft
Assuasives lulled the fevered pulse! How oft,
Bent o'er the gory bed, hath he upheld
The blessed crucifix before the eyes
Of dying patriots and warmly breathed
Their parting orison when o'er them came
The shadows of untravelled worlds—the deep
Darkness that wraps the spirit in the vale

Of cold obliviating death, where yet
Chaos maintains its old dominion dire.
I fondly love that sad mysterious youth.
Until this eve he hath been silent—watched
My wants and answered to my wishes ere
Articulated; ever by my side,
In thoughtful silence he hath glided on,
Searching for foes and warning their approach
Long ere they came. So much devotion flows
From some o'ermantled cause, beyond the grasp
Of calculating thought—but I will search—

Enter Don MARIANO.

Friend of my youth, I greet thee well! 't is long
Since the wild waves of desolating war
Sundered our fortunes, but again we meet
The same as in the antique halls and towers
Of venerable Saragossa.

MARIANO.

Ay, the same,
Or more, O lion-hearted chief! thy praise
Fills every heart that feels for human weal,
And every tongue breathes eloquence when thou
And thy achievements are the inspiring theme.
Eternal glory and undying fame—

MINA.

Beshrew thy present speech, my noble friend,
And cull thy words more carefully. It ne'er
Doth appertain to principles of true
And genuine liberty thus to o'erween

The simplest acts of duty; freedom's sons
Should never mimic royal pageantries,
Nor deal in adulation, nor indulge
In undue forms of reverence to those
Whose names are heralded by bugle-horns.
The eternal order of revolving worlds
Is simple as sublime; let man's applause,
When due, be the still look of gratitude!

MARIANO.

Disclaim, with such high terms and looks sincere,
The extorted homage of the world, and thou
Might'st reign in every human heart, the lord
Of mind—an empire tyrants ne'er enslaved.

MINA.

Thy pardon, Signor! but I wished to speak
Of things essential to the present weal
Of myriads. Thou know'st the nature close,
Subtle and envious of Torres' soul;
How by most guileful artifice he worked
My misadventures in the vicinage
Of Sombrero; and how, when Linan drew
His lines of siege round San Gregorio,
And threatened ruin to the coward priest,
He violently retained my choicest troops
To guard his Reverence; and sent me forth
With clowns undisciplined and unobeying,
To urge the siege of Guanaxuato. There,
First deed of shame that e'er befel me—there
Disgrace frowned on my once victorious banner!

But I'll not think of that discomfiture,
For I would yet preserve my reason clear.
Now for thy counsel—thou art wise in war;
Abide we here or seek the open plains
Of ever-blooming Silao?

MARIANO.

No foes
Can thread yon deep *barrancas* unbeheld,
And none dare force the pass that intervenes
Us and Orrantia; therefore danger seems
Afar from thee and thy guerilla band
For a brief time; thou canst augment thy strength
In silence here, and burst upon the foe
Again in all thy terrors when he sleeps
In lethargy of fancied safe repose.

MINA.

So be it then; Orrantia I despise
Ev'n as the Pyrenean huntsman doth
The spectre-haunted hind; 't would better fit
The pampered parasites of ruthless power
To play the matador, than thus to lead
Things human to the war of sacrilege.
The dastard cravens dare not wield the brand
In manly fight, but steal behind and stab
I' the darkness—and if by the sheerest chance
They seize a prisoner, straight they bear him on
To the camp's centre and display their valour
In cruel slaughter of a pinioned man:
Mother of God! it is beyond the calm

Endurance of my nature to behold
Such demons triumph in a nation's wrongs.

MARIANO.

Heaven speed the day when they shall meet the doom
Their cruelties have earned. But, noble chief!
Or if thou wilt, good friend! 't is time that thou
Should'st woo thy needful rest.

MINA.

Thou dost not err,
For well thou know'st the soldier's wakeful nights.
But first I'll post videttes upon yon cliffs
To guard contingencies. 'T is ever thus;
Our safety must be bought with others' danger,
And their's with ours; peace cannot reign below
With holy liberty, but men will sigh
For dignities beyond the common lot,
And spurn the holiest laws, and trample down
The highest principles of things to gain
The privilege of being cursed by broken hearts
With all the bitterness of hopeless woe.

MARIANO.

When I think o'er thy sufferings and thy deeds,
My noble friend, since last we met, I scarce
Can reason wonder to belief of fact.

MINA.

The warrior's course is like the boiling torrent,
Roaring and flashing through tumultuous scenes,

Till the uncertain fountain disappears.
Come, Signor, we will tread the camp of death
Again together; 't is perhaps the last
Meeting of two oppressed and injured men
Whose boyhood passed in words and acts of love.

PART II.

SCENE---A grove in the rear of the Patriot camp, before the Rancho del Venadito.

MINA—*solus.*

SINCE waking thought doth mar my quiet sleep
With dreams of horror and strange visionry
Of coming ill, 't is fitting that I watch
And meditate in silence on the ways
Of changeful destiny. There is a gloom
Unwonted on my heart; my nature's spirit,
Erst active, vigilant and unsubdued
By danger in most dread extremity,
Doth listen now to fancy's whisperings
And the half-uttered oracles of dreams.
Dim visionary shapes around me flit
Like shadows of futurity, and seem
To hold dominion o'er my cowering soul,
As 't were their right to tyrannize. Unused
Am I to all fantastic visitings
Of wild imagination, working on
The temporary ills of human life
And turning petty woes to agonies.
I will disrobe my spirit of the spell

Of fancy's wizardry by converse high
With things aërial, and so forget
These dark presentiments and auguries
Of gathering sorrows.—On this lovely grove
How softly gleams the waning moon! the leaves
Dance in the autumnal night-breeze pure and fresh,
And gleam in dewy radiance as they turn
Their silken texture to the glimmering light,
And breathe such music as the spirits of air
And water love to drink; and stillness sleeps
Upon the verdured earth and azure heaven,
Like holy thoughts of heavenly love within
The cloistered vestal's bosom.—But, alas!
Man's warring passions blot the fairest scenes
Of heaven's creation; and his curst ambition
Corrupts and desecrates all human rights
And natural prerogatives, till the slave
Robes him in panoply of dire revenge,
And rushes forth to deeds of wo and death.
And thus doth grief turn every lovely sight
And sound in heaven and earth to its own mood,
Desponding, dark and desolate. The world
Wears just the hue the spirit's robed withal,
And is not gay or gloomy in itself.
His heart is man's world, and as that is full
Of joy or sorrow, so doth nature seem
Or dark or beautiful. Ah, me! how sad,
Whene'er the warrior sinks into the man,
Appears this penal planet, where hopes, fears,
And loves and agonies forever war!
How little know the multitude that hail

The conquering chieftain in the pride and pomp
And power of victory, and send his name
In shouts triumphant o'er the echoing skies—
What sorrows in his bosom's inmost core
Dwell—silently corroding life away!
The most exalted deeds that ever blazed
Amid the trophies of immortal fame,
Have sprung from woes that sought relief and found
Alleviation in the loud uproar
And rage and slaughter of embattled armies.
Oft from the dun obscurity of life
Driven by hopeless passions, men have gone
Forth to the spirit-stirring field of blood,
And raised proud monuments, on which their names
Live 'mid the eternal blazonry of fame,
From individual sorrow, when the world
Weened all their greatness sprung from purest thoughts,
Or patriotic or aspiring. Deep
Within the human breast unseen, the seeds
Of actions lie; the first growth of our thoughts
And feelings none can trace—beneath the veil
Of motives undefinable they spring
And flourish into being unbeheld;
'Tis only when they shoot up full and strong
That their existence is perceptible;
And then as they bear fruitage, good or bad,
Beholders cultivate or check their growth.
Discharging duty, I have blessed myself,
And, while absorbed in general misery,
Forgot my own. Rosalia's love hath been

The exciting cause of my most famous feats
In this exterminating war, though power
Tyrannic forced me to the battle's shock.
But now, amid this moonlight grove, my love!
I'll think of thee in silence!

Enter ROSARIO, *suddenly.*

ROSA.

O, my lord!

MINA.

How now, my little page! why thus abroad,
Searching me out amid this lonely wood,
Not rather using the dear privilege
Of undisturbed repose, so seldom granted
To any of our troop?

ROSA.

I could not sleep!
My soul was harrowed up by fearful dreams
And visions of such dread import, I rose
And fled to shield me from their influence
To thy forsaken room; but thou wert gone,
My lord, and so I wandered forth to seek thee.

MINA.

Well, my sweet boy! sit down upon this knoll,
And tremble not so fearfully—thou wilt
Ne'er fail to find in me a guardian friend,
Ready to shield thee from worse foes than dreams.

ROSA.

O, my dear lord—oh, wilt thou never leave me?
How thy words gladden my affrighted heart!

MINA.

Why this emotion?—dost thou doubt my faith?
Or think thou hast just cause for gratitude
For that protection which each soldier claims
From me by right of service 'neath command?

ROSA.

No—yes—my lord! I thought that thou—indeed
I know not what I thought—but I hoped—

MINA.

What?
Thou seem'st in strange bewilderment; but tell
The dream that shook thy soul with such affright,
And I will be the prophet of thy visions,
And from thy fancy's revellings will draw
Such sage revealments of approaching joy
As shall dilate thy thrilling heart with rapture.

ROSA.

My dream was vision, and I saw two forms,
A youth and maid, reposing in a grove
Of flower-wreathed citrons, bordering a bright
And beautiful lagoon, and they did seem
Each other's heaven, so vividly their eyes
Gleamed in their hearts' light, so rapturous fond
Was every look, so passionate, and yet

Pure was their long communion of delight.
How blissful was their being! paradise
Could never bless faith's fondest votaries
With more ecstatic rapture. They appeared,
As thus they sat within that bowering grove,
Holding the eloquent converse of the heart,
Like two young seraphs who were twins in soul,
Whose every thought was melody. I watched
The lovers long; and, oh, how happy thus
Locked in each other's fond embrace, must be,
I said and sighed, those two congenial spirits!
That vision fled—the grove, the lake—were gone—
The lovers parted. In a distant land
Of sky-crowned mountains and of ocean streams,
I saw the youth, in martial garb arrayed,
I' the van of a few high souled soldiers move
Undaunted through the phalanxed ranks of foes
Unsparing in their power, and like a god,
Bear victory upon his morion's plume.
I had not long beheld him glorying so
When by his side I saw the well-loved maid,
In stranger guise and aspect masked, with fond
Devotion following the uncertain track
Of him—the idol of her love—

MINA.

Strange dream,
Rosario—thy vision is most marvellous.
Go on—I hold my heart in deep observance.

ROSA.

The youthful hero through entangling snares
And guileful ambuscades and perils dire
Kept on his path of glory, and by love,
Stronger than death, upheld 'mid scenes of blood,
That agonized her soul, the gentle maid
Went on, the unknown companion of the chief;
Her sole delight to see him—hear him speak
Counsel to rashness—ardour to the weak—
Hope to despondency—to traitors death—
And watch the serpent wiles of coward foes
And blast them yet unformed. O, to be near
Her warrior-love and see his generous heart,
Unhardened by his wrongs, expand with true
Philanthropy e'en to his enemies—
'Twas holier bliss than all his private love!

MINA.

Thou seem'st, enthusiast, in thy wondrous dream,
To have beheld the secret springs of thought
And loneliest founts of feeling, well as deeds
That silently in wild meanders flow.

ROSA.

Ay, my good lord—thou dost surmise aright,
Such was my vision—but I'll tell thee all.
The youth and maid again each other knew,
And loved as in the springtime of their hearts,
Though changing years had passed; but as I watched
Fondly once more their mutual loves. I saw
A serpent wreathe his intertwisted folds

Around them as they sat, and strain his coil
Envenomed to its utmost dreadful power;
I heard their shrieks—their dying sobs—I heard
The sundering of their crushed and broken frames!
—My spirit fainted in its agony,
And, struggling in my terror, I awoke
And flew to thee, my own dear lord, for help.

MINA.

A story of romance clothed in a dream!
Methinks, howe'er, thy maid was passing bold
Thus to adventure in the ranks of war.

ROSA.

How could I stay in peace—enjoying all
The sweet delights of life save love, when thou
Wert borne upon the hurricane of war,
With none but mercenary hands to serve
Thy wants or soothe thy sufferings! How—

MINA.

Hark!
Rosario, heard'st thou that appalling shout?

ROSA.

I heard a hollow sound, my lord, as 't were
Voices commingled with the tramp of steeds;
Perchance, 't was but the gaunt wolf's midnight cry
Or wandering tread of trooping chargers—

MINA.

Hark!
Again! 't is some nocturnal fray—'t is base
Orrantia ambuscading round our camp—
The royal robber—the vindictive fiend
Who riots in the brave man's agonies.
We are betrayed by Torres—he did swear
Revenge when I denied his right to sack
And burn an unoffending *pueblo*—ah!
He hath not yet forgotten our duello
In earlier days, regarding Garza's child,
The beautiful Rosalia. Let him come
Within the compass of my Toledo,
And he and treachery will part for ever.
Away, Rosario! loose thy hold—I'll go
And smite the midnight bandit to the dust.
Dost hear me, boy? begone!—there—hark, again!
By heaven! thou well maintain'st thy hold—but thus
I free me! Now—

ROSA.

O Xavier, Xavier, stay!
Rosalia bids thee stay!

MINA.

Rosalia!

ROSA.

Yes!
Have this wan brow—these pale and hollow cheeks
No traces left of her thou once did'st love,

And oft hast named this melancholy night?
Hath my voice lost by use of foreign tones
Its well-known notes? O Xavier, look not thus
Wildly in doubt upon thine own—own love!
Say—dost thou know me now?

MINA.

O my sweet love!
Let my heart speak in throbs of eloquence
The holiest affection of my soul,
Since words are vain to give my feelings meaning!

ROSA.

Thou wilt not leave me, Xavier?—no, 't is not
In thy kind nature to forsake me now.
Come, sit upon this velvet-tufted lawn,
And I will tell thee all my wanderings
And chance escapes and wondrous masquerades,
In such a garb of speech as shall light up
Thy face with smiles even if hot briny tears
Were gushing from thy eyes. Come, dear love, come!

MINA.

Not now, Rosalia! Thou art more to me
Than aught, save honour, 'neath yon holy dome!
But slaughter rages—midnight massacre
Shrieks for the avenger. Hark! the deadly clash
Of sabres reeking with hearts' blood; the cries
Of leaguer'd patriots echoing through the sky,
And summoning their chief! I must be gone.
O dearest love—thou fondest, truest, best!

Let me from thy last looks endearing draw
Valour invincible to stem the shock
Of merciless Orrantia—courage such
As only they can feel who war for right
Eternal and unchangeable, linked with love
Whose light irradiates eternity.
Rosalia, be this kiss—and this—and this—
Pledge of my love, my honour and my faith.
Farewell! detain me not—I must be gone—
Farewell! till victory weaves thy bridal wreath.

Exit.

ROSA.—*sola.*

Alas!—and why alas? Hath he not gone
To prove his fond devotion to my love
By strict fulfilment of his duty, faith,
And spotless honour? O, I love him more
The less he heeds my womanhood of soul
When glory tears him from my arms! From heaven
Angels look down on nothing that so much
Assimilates material things to pure
Intelligences, as when man surmounts
His selfish nature and in duty's cause
Scorns low indulgence of his own desire.
I would again encounter all the toils
And sufferings and perils I have past
Since last I saw the mountains of Navarre,
To witness such a hero in the best
And holiest cause that ever sanctioned war,
As that dear youth, who spurns the encroaching power
Of private feeling at the warning voice

Of liberty--the life of life--the soul
Of soul to man below. And yet, ah, yet
A dread hangs o'er my heart--an omen dire
Shadows my spirit that I ne'er shall see
The conquering chieftain in his pride again.
—Jesu Maria! what a yell of death!
On the still air of night come screams and shouts
And shrieks of agony and trumpet blasts,
And short, quick orisons and curses fell,
And notes of loud command and rallying cries,
And thunder of dread musquetry, and groans
Dreadful—commingled in one horrid mass
Of rending sound! Amid yon glaring fires
Of death, dark forms are grappling in the mad
Struggle of desperation; there they tug
And strain and stab and wield the clotted brand,
Horseman to horseman in the latest strife
That either foe will wage: and there—oh, there
Upon his coal-black steed, through fire and smoke,
O'er dead and dying, Mina hurtles on
Mid bristling lances, bayonets and brands,
Like the death-angel, while the *Vive el Rey*,
Where'er he moves, becomes the loud, the wild,
The joyful *Viva la Republica!*
Ah, he hath vanished from my wondering eye
On his career of victory, but still
His voice in louder tones above the noise
And din of battle like a clarion rings.
I'll look no more—my hero-love will come
Soon from the field of glory and receive
His own loved maid. I see an armed band

Approaching now like victors and their plumes
Wave in the morning twilight as they come
Careering on, like harbingers of good
Tidings to me—O Xavier! they are here.

Enter Don PEDRO NEGRETTE *and soldiers.*

PEDRO.

A delicate warrior, by the mass! no doubt
The sage of sages in the council-hall
Of conquering Mina! Art thou well prepared
To hail the victor from his glorious field
Of slaughter, and to chant triumphal songs
In honour of his name, O prophet-boy?
Guards! seize the rebel youth and onward wend
To Don Francisco's central camp, where soon
The wisdom of the beardless wizard will be shown
And proved—if in his art abides the power
To avert his master's or his own sure fate.

ROSA.

O Virgin Mother! have my fears come true?
Is Mina vanquished? May the eternal ban
Of heaven rest on the traitor Torres!

PEDRO.

Ha!
Thou art a very prophet, but thy curse
Falls harmless on the corse of Padre Torres.

ROSA.

O jubilate! Mina is avenged!
His own tried sabre clove the traitor's brain!

PEDRO.

Prophet again! thou soon wilt know the art
Of ruling traitors—onward to the camp!

PART III.

SCENE--- The camp of Don Francisco de Orrantia, the royal commander. Don Xavier Mina and Officers, prisoners, pinioned and manacled.

FRANCISCO.

So, Traitor! justice claims its own at last!
Audacious rebel to the best of kings!
In what close-woven mail of hardihood
Could'st thou infold thy conscious soul to dare
The vengeance due to most abandoned guilt,
Thou renegado robber? When we laid
With righteous arm thy base assassin horde
I' th' dust beneath our conquering chargers' hoofs,
And thou alone fled'st from our dreadful might,
Did never vain repentance of thy crimes
Torture and madden thee? Did'st never feel
How impotent was all thy wrath and rage
Against the anointed monarch of the Lord?
Answer, bold rebel! ere the stroke of fate
Fall like a thunderbolt upon thy head!

MINA.

That I do answer suits my own desire
To tell thee what thou art—not thy command.
First to thy charge—I glory in a name

Which countless heroes by their blood have hallowed;
The wreathing incense of the eucharist
Is not more holy than the deeds of him
Who toils and bleeds and welcomes perils dire
That he may disenthral the sons of God
From murderous tyranny. Next thy quest—
My panoply through all this war hath been
An unstained spirit, resolute and free—
An uncorrupted heart that throbbed with love
To God and man, and longed to see mankind,
Unfettered by the tyrant's shackles, soar
To that proud station guaranteed by heaven
When first the sun burst on their infant eyes.
And next, thou tool of power! thy boastful vaunt—
Shall such as thou of war and victory prate?
Or boast of battles? 'Twere enough to call
The Cid from his long slumbers in the tomb
To hear thee talk of prowess! I have seen
Thee and thy thousands scattering like a flock
Of vultures when I sent El Giro forth
With one poor score of Creole peasantry,
Armed scarcely with a lance! Reserve thy vaunts
Orrantia, till thy mercenary troops,
Confiding in the might of multitudes,
Do that thou would'st not dare to do ev'n now,
Chained as I am!—Ay, writhe and foam and stamp,
Thou guilty coward! Wear thy haughtiest looks
And prate of bloodiest battles as thou wilt,
But, by the rood! the veriest boor that e'er
Battled beneath my banner's crimson shade,
Would with the flashing of a carbine fright

Thy soul into annihilation. Now
I've done with thee for ever, and with those
Who sent thee forth to massacre and burn.
I dare thee to the compass of thy power!
Death hath too long been my companion—now
To dread the shadows of another world.
For one score years and five I have desired
To do what laws or human or divine
Enjoined in justice; if I've erred and sinned
In passion's heat, the account remains with HIM
Who made me—not with thee nor thy dread king.
Now take my dying words—and note them well—
Thy sovereign is a tyrant—Spain a den
Of slaves, to madness driven by fiends like thee,
Who batten on a dying nation's blood.

FRAN.

There is my answer to thy rebel speech.

(*Strikes him.*)

MINA.

Inglorious wretch! is this Castilian honour?

Enter Don ALVA ARGENSOLA, *mariscal de campo.*

ALVA.

It ill befits a son of Spain, my lord,
Idly to look upon a deed so far
Beneath Hispania's martial character
As stroke of sabre on a pinioned man,
And he a prisoner.

FRAN.

Keep thy counsel, sage!
And leave my presence!

ALVA.

When it suits my will.
I quail not at thy frown, proud chief! I hold
Authority from higher powers than thee.

FRAN.

Leave me or ere I speak again, proud rebel!
Else—

ALVA.

Rebel—ha!—Don Pedro! (*Enter* PEDRO.)

PEDRO.

Well, my lord!

ALVA, (*aside.*)

The youthful prisoner thou just hast seized
Bear thou in most observant courtesy
To yonder holy convent dimly seen
Of San Lorenzo; place thy tender charge
Safe in its holy walls—then point thy march
With all my powers toward Victoria's camp,
Boquilla's citadel. I'll meet thee there.
See it be done anon.

PEDRO.

I shall, my lord! (*Exit.*

FRAN.

What meant thy silent converse?

ALVA.

Honour.

FRAN.

Ha!

Brief as the Spartan—bold as guilt; beware!

ALVA.

I shall beware of those who dare o'erstep
Humanity's prerogatives and laws
Of nations; threats from him, howe'er, who knows
No better using of his sword than on
A fettered captive, weigh not much with me.
I wait thy orders, be they such as man
Can execute.

FRAN.

Retire and call the guard! (*Exit Alva.*
Now, Xavier Mina, for thy treason death
Instant awaits thee! Padre Buenventura
Will shrive thee of thy crimes as priests are wont,
Then righteous justice will exact its own;
Save that thou wilt accept Fernando's good
Indulto and thy troops array beneath
The royal standard.—Hear'st thou mercy's voice?

MINA.

I hear the voice of cowardice and shame;
I hear a voice that trembles at its own

Commands; the voice of him who dreads the sound
Of death; of him whose bones will lie i' th' sun
Bleaching or ere my corse is cold, if yet
A patriot breathes in this ensanguined land.

Re-enter Don ALVA *and guard.*

FRAN.

Take yon base traitor outward of the camp
Fronting the convent and despatch him there.

ALVA.

Hath he been sentenced by the laws to die?

FRAN.

Dar'st thou discourse on my commands? My will
Is law not subject to appeal.

ALVA.

With slaves
It may be—not with me. All men have rights
Sworn to them by society when first
They enter on the world, and all may claim
Their native privilege; none can deny
Their just demand except by forfeiture
Of their own safety. Be the peril thine,
If the Count Mina fall unheard, unjudged,
Before his country's stern tribunal!

FRAN.

And mine it shall be!—and the peril thine

To answer bold infraction of the laws
Of war, ere yonder sun's last crimson beams
Fade from the western horizon. Away!
Bear on the traitor to the field of fate—
The pleasure's mine to certify his death.

(*Exeunt*

[To the arena before the convent; a stake in the midst to which Mina is bound—soldiers preparing for execution. Francisco approaches with a blinding cap; and at the same time a shriek is heard from the convent, and Rosalia is seen at a grated window, gazing wildly on the scene below.]

MINA.

Away! I've looked on death too long to fear
What man can do; no mortal power shall cloud
My eye till expiration's shadows dim
Its fire; it shall not close upon the earth
Until it flashes on eternity.
What shriek was that? ha!—soldiers—'t is the last
And only wish I e'er shall speak—be sure
Your aim err not—and let your signal be
My last word—Now! (*They fire—he falls.*)

ROSA.

O God! O God! he's dead!

FRAN.

So perish traitors! Take ye careful note
That life be utterly extinct, and word
All your averments with perspicuous art—
Then leave the unhallowed corse for vultures' food.
And make ye close inquest whence came that shriek
Of horror, and from whomsoe'er it came,

Straight bring the rebel to my camp.—And now
For potent Alva. (*Exit.*

FIRST SOL.

Comrade, is he dead?

SEC. SOL.

Ay, the great chief hath gone! My trembling heart
Knocked 'gainst my ribs as 't would have rung a knell
For the great hero; how he stood and looked
And spake the death-word! Dost thou think our chief
Would dare a score of carbines so?

FIRST SOL.

Canst tell
Where is Don Alva?

SEC. SOL.

In the patriot camp
Of Count Victoria ere this hour of doom.

FIRST SOL.

Will follow, comrades?

ALL.

Alva is our chief!

SEC. SOL.

Lift then the hero's corse within the walls
Of holy San Lorenzo, where due rites

Will hallow the great warrior's burial;
Then follow on Don Alva's way and make
Report through all the land that Mina lives,
Devoted still to liberty and vengeance!

(*Exeunt.*

ROSA.

(*Embracing the body of Mina, surrounded by the sisterhood and monks.*)

Ah, he hath gone!—the great, the lovely one,
Even in his pride of fame! The voice that spake
Victory to nations in their glorious strife
For freedom—and to me in softest tones
Most holy love—is hushed for ever more!
His early hopes of quiet happiness—
Life's sweet affections and domestic joys,
In youth he quitted to subserve the cause
Of those who bled for freedom; long he warred
For liberty not his own—long he bore
Unmurmuring all the perils and the wants
Of march, encampment, siege and battle—what
Hath been the hero's recompense? His good
Deeds and pure thoughts all turned against himself!
O world! base world! thou changest at a breath
Virtue to vice, heroes to fiends, and heaven to hell.
The Holy One was scoffed and buffetted
And mocked and beat and crucified! To Him
Who was a Man of Sorrows while he dwelt
Incarnate, and, O Holy Virgin! unto thee,
In penance for the past, do I devote
My melancholy days: and here in lone
Seclusion o'er thy grave, my warrior-love!

I will revere thy memory, howe'er
Traduced and vilified by wicked men;
Thy name shall be the theme of all my thoughts,
The spell-word of my orisons; for long
As high heroic deeds and virtues, pure
As snow in upper air, shall claim regard,
The wise, the great, the good of humankind
Will chant the praises of the gallant Mina!
Ye holy men! now bear the glorious chief
To his last resting-place beneath yon lines
Of cypresses and near his tomb I'll rest
From all the feverish passions of the world,
Its cares, its sorrows and its calumnies,
With you, O holy virgins! From your shrine
My penitential prayers shall rise what time
The midnight tapers burn, and holy spirits
Delighted hover o'er the perfumed altar!
And, when the soul disrobes itself of clay,
With sacred rites and high observances,
Ye will my body lay not far from his
Who loved and fought and bled and died in vain!

INVOCATION.

O THOU bright Spirit! thou whose power is o'er
The poet's all creating thought, whate'er
Thy unknown nature be, or like the air
Impalpable, the essence of a soul,
Star-winged and eagle-eyed, or human shape
Lone dwelling amid silent solitudes;
Nymph, muse or oread, Olympic-born,
Unseen and shrined in mystery;—where'er
The glory of thy beauty beams, among
The ancient woods of thy proud dwelling-place,
Parnassus, or the fair Ægean isles,
Or o'er the haunted stream of Helicon,
Gushing mid flowers that skirt its holy banks,
To great Apollo sacred and the nine;
Or mid the blue arcades of yonder sky
Where Dian walks in brightness and the stars
Stud ministering spirits' pathway thick and fair
As bright-eyed daisies gem the mead;—whate'er
Thou art and wheresoe'er thy presence dwells—
O come, fair Spirit! come in all thy charms
And bring elysium to a suffering heart!

In childhood's hours—lone, visionary, wild,
Silent and solitary, while yet the sum
Of my heart's pulses could be reckoned—thou

Wert my devotion and I loved to drink
The incense of thine altar, and imbibe
Thy spiritual breathings, and I felt my soul
Dilate with rapture when upon me came
A mighty awe and reverend majesty,
A passion purified, a godlike power,
Which brought the universe within my grasp,
And made high seraphim my ministers.
And now I would become thy worshipper,
True and devoted, though too full of sin
And mortal stains for thy immortal smiles,
Undimmed by gross materiality.
But, Holy Spirit! I have been the child
Of sorrow, and my sole delight for years
Of melancholy memories hath been
Thy lofty service; oh, thou oft hast taught
My heart forgetfulness of grief and pain
And obloquy and scorn and poverty,
And all the nameless ills and wrongs that wear
With endless iteration life away.
And I have gloried in thee when the world,
The brutal world mocked thee with taunt and sneer,
And one quick passing, visionary hour,
Past in thy high communion, when the stars
Were my companions and the moon my bride,
Hath been more precious to my soul than all
The pageantries of pride and show of art.
When cares have come upon me, and the woes
Of life grew darker on my tearful eye,
And hate and envy blackened my good name,
And the stern voice of strife assailed my ear

Blended with demon shouts, and I beheld
No friend among my unrelenting foes;—
When in the invisible night, alone—
Silence and solitude around—my heart
Hath bled and my soul sunk into despair,
I've turned to thee and found in thy sweet smile
A paradise, beyond the reach of worms,
Whose venom hath all qualities of hell
Save power to give it action; there I've dwelt
In loneliness and bliss, far from the noise
And din of the world's warring, wholly blest
In thy etherealizing look of love!
Oh, then descend, great Spirit! on me now
And light my bosom with empyreal fires!
Spring with her flowers and verdure and gay birds,
Soft-voiced and musical, and bright-blue skies,
And calm, transparent waters, smiles around,
And as I speak to thee, the silvering moon
Lights the green foliaged hills that gently slope
Down to yon lovely bay, and on my brow
Shines like a mother's eye upon her child,
First-born, most loved; and from the lilac flowers,
Purple and fragrant, and the aspen trees
Fresh leaving, and the dark-green dewy grass,
The susurrating airs, sweet-scented, come
Upon me, like the memory of youth.
Sure thou wilt come on such a night as this,
Spirit of Poesy! and from thy wings
Scatter the perfume of the skies on earth;
Thou wilt descend from thine aërial home,
And teach thy son, (unworthy all, but true,)

Knowledge of unseen worlds, and guide aright
The searchings of his too adventurous thought,
Free from the wiles and snares of disbelief,
Or sceptic question;—thou wilt mark his path
And note its errings manifold; thy smile
Will light his way, and thus he may advance
Onward to heaven in peace, unenvying all
The gaudy state and circumstance of man.
So thou wilt prove his minister of joy
And change the poisoned waters of fierce strife
And hate and envy into springs of love;
And when the portal of the skies expands
Before me, and death rends these bands of clay,
Thou, Holy Spirit! wilt await my steps,
And welcome home the wandering child of God!

SONNET.

Born in convulsions, nursed in grief and pain,
And doomed in childhood to endure the spite
Of hate long hoarded—earth had no delight
For me in all her ways of mirth—no strain
To soothe my heart; no charm to chain my sight;
No spell of pleasure and no hope of gain;
But all was bleak and dreary as the reign
Of scowling winter, robed in endless night;

Yet I have seen the world and known it well—
Its hopes, fears, follies, crimes—and I have been
The brother of affliction, and each scene
Of fate, though varied, still was miserable;
But I have learned to know myself and bow
Humbly to HIM, who doth my sorrows know.

THE IDEALIST.

WHEN the last hues of sunset fade away,
And blend in magic wreaths of light and shade,
And stillness sleeps beside the closing day,
Drinking the music of the breezy glade,
I love to wander forth alone
Through shadowy groves and solemn woods,
And muse of pleasures past and gone,
'Mid nature's holy solitudes;
For then my spirit to its God aspires,
And worships in the light of Love's ascending fires.

Where rocks hang tottering from the mountain's side,
And ancient trees in hoary grandeur wave,
I love to sit—forgetting pomp and pride,
And all the passions that the soul enslave,—
And yield my heart to the sweet charm
Of nature in her loneliness,

While soft-voiced zephyrs, breathing balm,
The perfumed shrubs and flowers caress,
And the last song-bird pours her parting lay
Of love and praise to bless the brightly-closing day.

There is a loveliness in nature's smile,
Which fills the heart with heaven's own holy gladness,
Though he, who banquets on her charms, the while
Feels thoughts steal o'er him near allied to sadness;
When 'mid the perfect works of God,
He muses on the sin and folly
That make man's heart their dark abode—
Oh, who would not be melancholy?
How sad the thought that this fair world should be
The dwelling-place of guilt and helpless misery!

Yet if his woe be unallied to crime,
And suffering not from evil conscience spring,
To nature's bosom let him come, what time
Flowers ope the bud and birds are on the wing,
And there the fretful world forget
And search the world of his own breast,
Where thoughts, like suns, arise and set,
And whirlwind passions rage unblest;
There let the son of song and sorrow lie
And inspiration catch from nature's speaking eye!

From earliest youth I loved alone to climb
The moss-wreathed rock, and from the mountain's brow,

O'er sea and land, an amplitude sublime,
To gaze when sunk the sun in radiant glow,
And poured o'er verdured vales and hills,
And groves and meads and gushing streams,
Such glory as creation fills,
His last full swell of golden beams.
O ye, who would adore the Eternal Power,
Go forth alone and pray at evening's hallowed hour!

The spirit then throws off the garb of clay,
Which in the warring world 'tis doomed to wear,
And robes itself in beautiful array,
And soars and sings amid the blooming air,
Where in aërial halls of light
Meet kindred spirits, pure and good,
And parted souls again unite
Where grief and pain cannot intrude,
And in the radiance of soul-mingling eyes,
Reveal the mystic power of heaven's high harmonies.

I ever was a melancholy child,
Unmirthful and unmingling with the crowd;
The loneliest solitude on me hath smiled
When lightning darted from the rifted cloud;
And I have felt a strange delight
'Mid forests and the cavern's gloom,
And wandered forth at dead midnight
To muse beside the lonely tomb;—
I always loved the light of that dread eye,
Which flashed upon me from eternity!

I knew not whence such unshared feelings came—
I only knew my heart was full of deep
Emotions vivid—but without a name;
Within my breast they would not—could not sleep,
But swayed me in their giant power
To passion's uncommuning mood,
And drove me from the festive bower
To ruined tower and lonely wood,
Where on my soul ideal glories came,
Fairies and oreads bright and coursers wrapt in flame.

Oh, how I loved that solitary trance—
That deep upheaving of the bosom's sea,
O'erstrewn with gems that dazzled on my glance,
Like eyes that gleam from out eternity!
Creatures of every form and hue,
Lords of the earth and angels past
In garb of gold before my view,
Like lightnings on the hurrying blast,
And voices on my inward spirit broke,
And mysteries breathed, and words prophetic spoke.

The child of reverie and the son of song,
A word could wound me or a look depress;
I saw the world was full of ill and wrong
And sin and treachery and sad distress;
And so, e'en in my youth's bright morn,
I fled the haunts that others love,
That I might think why I was born,
And what below and what above

Was due from one thus sent upon the earth
To sow and reap in tears and mourn his painful
birth.

My birth-place was the airy mountain height,
And childhood passed 'mid nature's grandeur wild,
And still I see, by memory's magic light,
How on my soul each Alpine mountain smiled!
Though years have passed since I was there,
And many a change hath o'er me come,
There's not a scene, or wild or fair,
Around my long forsaken home,
But I could point in darkness out, and tell
The shape and form of things I loved so well.

Trees, birds and flowers were my familiar friends
In boyhood's days—and every leaf that grew
My vine-wove arbour round my love;—there blends
With budding thought a spirit from the dew,
That gems each quivering leaf and flower;
And precious to the mind mature
Are memories of that guiltless hour,
When with a worship fond and pure
The soul beheld in every thing below
A God sublime, whom we in works alone can know.

Deep in the soul rest early thoughts, and now
I love to roam 'mid lonely hills, when night
Her starry veil throws o'er her spotless brow,
And wraps her elfin form in fair moonlight;

Then o'er me come those thoughts again,
Which were my food in other years,
And I forget my bosom's pain,
And cease to feel my trickling tears.
Weird sybils! cease of destiny to prate!
The boy creates for life and ratifies his fate.

Here let me rest—a wanderer tired and faint,
Dear Nature! on thy soft maternal breast,
And learn for others those fair scenes to paint,
Which taught me wisdom and which made me blest!
Fashion and folly still may rove
And seek for pleasure in the throng,
But I will live in thy sweet love,
And blend thy praises with my song,
O lovely daughter of the holy One,
Whose smile wafts spirits to the heavenly throne!

SONNET.

The man who feels the majesty of Mind,
And the omnipotence of Intellect,
But little recks of vulgar disrespect
And all the railings of a world unkind;
They pass him by e'en as the winter wind
Passes the towering ever-verdant pine,

Howling but harmless;—from the affluent mine
Of his proud spirit, by still care refined,
Issue ethereal riches—worthier far
Than if his earlier thoughts had wrought him fame,
And all had wreathed with fragrant flowers his name;
Triumphing thus o'er folly's fools, his star
Gathers new glory and his soul new powers,
Until he revels in Fame's heavenly bowers.

THE EVENING STAR.

Ere lingering sunlight leaves the western sky
And mellow tintings mingle with the gloom,
The crescent gilds the soft blue arch on high,
With beams that seem in upper air to bloom,
And down the cope of heaven afar,
A world of beauty, bliss and love,
Gleams brightly forth the Evening Star,
The loveliest light of all the host above.

Cold searching science may the spheres explore,
And yon vast systems learnedly unfold,
But, wrapt in beauty's charms, I scorn the lore,
And lightly all such withering knowledge hold;

When fancy revels in the skies,
And rose-wreathed bowers are breathing balm,
O who would know the mysteries
Of heaven—and all the glorious scene uncharm?

Let man, lone habitant of this dark sphere,
Deem yon bright orbs the starry halls of love,
Where souls congenial meet that sorrowed here,
And through elysian groves in rapture rove!
Rend not away the magic veil
That brightens beauties seen afar;
Belie not fancy's fairy tale,
That sees a paradise in every star!

Thou Evening Star! o'er yon blue mountain sinking,
Thy radiant beams along the white clouds burn,
And, as I gaze, my wandering soul is thinking
Of past delights that never can return;
Thou art a friend beloved, and long
I've told my sorrows all to thee,
For I, a feeling son of song,
Have been the sport of wayward destiny.

Oft on the hill-top 'mid embowering woods
I sit when night relieves my heart from care,
And nothing sensual on my soul intrudes,
As in the world's rude strife and day-light's glare,
And watch thy light, sweet Evening Star!
And think how dear a home thou art,
Shrined in the ethereal sky afar,
To the sad spirit and the suffering heart.

Well have the wild-souled bards of Yemen deemed
Thine orb the dwelling of the great and good,
Where Indra's glory hath for ever beamed
Since from the skies rolled Ganges' holy flood,
And 'mid the Swerga's hallowed bowers
Dwelt suras pure and glendoveers,
Happy as heaven's own living flowers,
Unchanging as the lapse of endless years.

There pure ones dwell, for ever blest—and there
Chant songs, whose music sometimes steals away,
And faintly floats along the moonlight air,
Like the low warblings of a seraph's lay;
Around the holy shrine they throng
In sacred groups, while soft perfume
Waves in the breath of glowing song,
And soars to God, like spirits from the tomb.

Now in the budding springtime of the year
Young hearts will blossom in the smiles of love,
And soul-lit eyes, gem of the starry sphere!
Delight in thee;—lone wandering through the grove
Where fanning airs 'mid green leaves play,
Lovers entranced gaze on thy beams,
And paint a paradise far away
Of groves and flowers and birds and murmuring streams.

And, oh, how lovely are their visions! Light
Descends from heaven on love's first blissful dream,

And on the heart falls all that meets the sight
In rainbow hues with ever-varying gleam.
If e'er on earth we can define
The joys that prophets tell of heaven,
'Tis when young hearts in love divine
Blend like the blue and purple hues of even.

But love is madness in a world like this—
It smiles to agonize—it charms to slay!
Demons watch o'er earth's holiest scenes of bliss,
And laugh at sorrow nothing can allay.
Fame, knowledge, wealth and pride and power,
And love and joy are all in vain;
They live and bloom one little hour,
Then fade like Evening's Star and sink to pain.

THE REVOLUTIONIST.

They wandered forth by soft Fluvanna's stream
When o'er the twilight heaven smiled the rich eve
Of autumn, and the fleecy clouds of day
Hung on the pictured sky in fairy forms
Of beauty, changeful as the sunbow's tints
Upon the dark brown cliff; and o'er the verge
Of the clear horizon the purple waves
Of light ebbed downward to eternity;

The balmy airs of that sweet season came
Like music from the harp of Memnon—faint,
Low and melancholy, then scarcely heard
Mid the dim groves, then quite inaudible,
Lulled into silence, like a syren charm;
When, swelling through all harmonies of sound,
Again they breathed through the thick woven boughs,
Shook the grey moss that hung in hoar festoons
From the high branches—o'er Fluvanna's stream
Spread curling crystal, tinged with evening's light,
And mid the wild flowers and the scented shrubs
Made melancholy music. 'Twas the hour
Of starlight intercourse, of whispered love,
And purified affection, which derives
Its beauty from its innocence, and throws
The light of Eden's rosy bowers o'er all
The passions of our earth-stained nature;—'t was
The holy season of the young throbbing heart,
When it dilates with those high feelings, born
In heaven and sent like seraphim below.
There is a holiness in daylight's close,
A pure enchantment in the twilight heaven,
Where beauty kisses glory, and bright forms
Fold their sun pinions in the ethereal air;
The bosom feels then, while it throbs for love,
And the eye gazes longingly on high,
How far from heaven its passions and its powers
Tend mid the cold realities of life.

By soft Fluvanna's stream they wandered on,
Down fair Ligonier's vale, where waters, woods,

And rich green verdure and bright golden harvests
Smiled glowingly, while over all the scene
The mighty Allegany from on high
Looked like a cloud-throned spirit o'er the world.
The last beams of the setting sun illumed
The dense pine forests and the cliffy dells,
And deep ravines, where torrents, all unseen,
Poured their wild music on the silent air;
And the fair floating clouds of evening hung
Upon the mountain's brow, as if to crown
Nature's proud monarch, while their outskirts fringed
His sides like a broad mantle wrought of Ind.
All earth seemed slumbering 'neath the smile of heaven,
And the soft tendance of high spirits! peace
Waved her dove pinions in the cool night air,
As if the shout of war had never woke
The everlasting echoes of those hills.
And surely peace—the peace of kindling hearts,
Devoted to each other, smiled upon
Young Agnes and her lover; they had been
Companions from their childhood—wept and laughed
And played together from their earliest years;
They had gone hand in hand to the green fields,
And holy temple—side by side had knelt
And worshipped God more fondly that each saw
His image in the other! it was sweet
To mark their artlessness of love and hear
The converse of their hearts, while their bright eyes
Together read and their fair faces pressed
Unblushing; oh, if thou wouldst image out

Heaven in thy fancy, and its holy loves,
Observe two infants, cradled in one couch,
Fed by one hand, in thought and word and deed
Blent from the dawn of being; then bright gleams
Of what pure spirits are spring forth and bloom!
Love had become their food of thought—the life
Of each, and it was holy, past all fear,
Or jealousy or passion; for each knew
The other faithful even unto death,
And trusted ever; ah! that such sweet love
Should lead but to the grave! that life's best hopes
Should be wild meteors, heralding despair!

Not in their wonted converse of light joy
They roamed along; not with accustomed smiles
Reached their vine arbour by Fluvanna side.
Each had been silent, save in few short words
Spoken unwittingly, as if to shun
The burden of their sorrows; but they came
At last to the fresh verdured alcove where
Thick trailing flowers, o'ergemm'd with pearly dew,
Hung blushing in perfume, like the past joys
Of loves more bright and fragrant than the scene.
Then tender words, and low wild sobs came forth,
And Agnes leaned upon De Grammont's breast,
And oft she raised her tearful eyes to heaven,
And called down blessings on the warrior; then
She clung around his neck, and wept again,
And prayed him not to go! The soldier's voice
Faltered, but his proud spirit blenched not—"Love!
My country calls me; I should ill deserve

Such love as thine, if I should dare to be
A craven in the hour of mortal strife.
No! let me merit thee by worthy deeds!"
One wild, long kiss—a hurried, last farewell—
And AGNES is alone! far o'er the cliffs
Sound the proud charger's hoofs; upon a height,
O'erlooking all the vale, a horseman curbs
His war-steed for a moment, and the eye
Of the fair girl has caught his high white plumes,
Waving aloft! the crash of parting boughs
And flinty bridle path is heard awhile,—
Then silence sinks on the deserted bower.

'Tis night again—a lovely summer night,
Lit by the full fair moon, whose pearly beams
Gleam o'er the engirdling forest, and illume
The cottage garden and the willow grove;
And AGNES has arisen to look forth
On the still night—but not to watch the charms
Of nature; she had heard her grandsire speak
DE GRAMMONT's plaudit for high gallant deeds,
Achieved in neighbouring battles, and her heart
Beat prophesy of his return—she knew
He would not pass the cottage and not see
His earliest, best love; and she had framed
A glorious welcome for her hero-love.
She watched the mountain path where he must come,
And saw his form in every shadow thrown
Over the moonlight rocks; she heard his voice
In every breeze that waved the midnight groves.
Beguiled for ever—still beguiling! sounds

Came on her ear from the far woods, and she
Shaped them into De Grammont's voice, and oft
The throbbings of her heart became to her
The distant tramp of steeds.

While thus she caught
The voice and image of her own fond heart
And wrought them into being, quick and bright
Beneath the willow grove a bayonet gleamed,
And, on the instant, pealed a warning cry—
"Dear lady, fly! the Hessians!" ere the words
Had ceased to echo, flashed the levelled gun,
And on the green turf lay a bleeding corse,
And the next moment Agnes backward fell,
Rolling in blood; all conscious sense extinct.
Strange sounds were in her spirit, sounds of wrath
And stifled agony, and roaring fires,
And low death-wailing and demoniac shouts;
But nought distinct—as in a fevered dream,
They floated by her, but she knew them not.
She woke at last; the clotted blood had stanched
Her wounds, but life was ebbing fast away.
She listened—all was still; and faint and wild
With fear, she dragged her feeble limbs along,
And reached the hall; there by the lurid light
Of the loud crackling cottage, in his blood
Her slaughtered grandsire lay, and by his side
His only child—her only parent! There
The haughty Hessian chief, with fiendlike eye,
Stood gazing in delight, and as she strove
To pass, he seized her with a ruffian grasp,

And dragged her onward; but a dead, stiff weight
Was in his arms, for on her face, amid
All mortal terror, death had fixed his seal;
And with a demon look of curst desire,
He threw the virgin on her mother's breast.

* * * * * * *

'Tis morn upon the Alleganean heights,
And bright its earliest rays flash o'er the arms
Of conquering troops descending; loud and high
The trumpet wakes the echoes of the cliffs,
And o'er their proud array the banner waves
Of freedom and of valour. In the front
Careers a noble horseman, and a joy,
Beyond e'en battle's rapture, from his eyes
Flashes exulting as he looks below.
"'Tis the grey mist that baffles me," he said,
As turning from the view, a sad, sick smile
Mocked secret apprehension. Now they reach
The lowest hill and there he turns to gaze.
"I cannot see the cottage!" how his heart
Beat in its strong convulsions, as the hopes,
Long cherished, of this hour turned to despair!
In weariness and pain, in midnight watch,
And midday battle, he had looked to this—
This hour of recompense—and fondly thought
That Agnes' smile would change all woe to bliss.
He gazed as if his soul were perishing,
But the dark woods frowned in their loneliness—
No blue smoke rose—no sound of life was heard;
All—all was still and lone. How his heart shrunk
And trembled! but De Grammont hurried on,
As if his spirit fled from its own fears;

And he has gained the cottage—or the place
Where it once stood; there black and bloody ashes,
And cindered bones, and broken brands and prints
Of the assassins' footsteps gave dread note
Of the past horror; with a frenzied glare
Of agony unutterable he gazed,
And wild convulsions shook his heart; then wrath,
Deep, burning wrath, like lightning, from his eyes
Flashed balefully, and from his quivering lips
Thundered in awful accents—"Vengeance!" all
His gallant band their voices raised on high,
And uttered—"Vengeance!" Allegany heard,
And through its wildest fastnesses and clefts
Pealed—"Vengeance! Vengeance!"

Long the close pursuit,
And patient, ere De Grammont's soul had rest.
But vengeance came at length, and the fell wretch,
Who showed no mercy, had no mercy showed.
Thrice in his heart's deep core his reeking blade
De Grammont buried, and a fearful smile,
The last that ever lit his features, came,
Like midnight lightning o'er an open grave,
Over his face; then forth he went and fought
His country's battles with a desperate wrath,
That kept his soul from madness, and achieved
Immortal deeds, which on the hero brought
Praises and honours manifold; but he
Recked not of them; 't was Agnes that inspired
The warrior's daring, and his heart knew not
A moment's rest, till 'neath the ruin's dust
And ashes, brave De Grammont slept in death!

THE CONQUEROR'S CHILD.*

From Aroer's field of glory and the towers
Of Minnith smouldering mid blood and flame,
The conquering chieftain, girt with all his powers,
In pomp of terror unto Mizpeh came;
Loud blew his war-horn—spears flashed gory red,
And the earth trembled 'neath his courser's tread.

Proud Ammon had been humbled—far and wide
Dark Ruin hovered o'er the unburied dead;
The paynim foe had perished in his pride—
The oppressor slept on slaughter's crimson bed;
The sword of God in Jephthah's giant hand
Had left the record of its might o'er all the land.

Bright in the sun the burnished armour shone,
And blood-stained sabres glittered in the air,
Bearing true witness unto glory won
In stern affray—and every warrior there
Burned with that lofty spirit ever given
To them who do the sovereign hests of heaven.

The mighty chieftain gloried in that hour,
And felt how greatness grows within the heart

* See Judges xi.—30—40.

Of him who nourishes the germ of power;
No pride of birth can such high joy impart
As one good deed by inborn valour wrought—
Conceived unaided in the depths of thought.

There is no majesty but that of mind;
The purple robe, the sceptre and the crown
The rudest hands can fashion;—as the wind,
The body's pomp the guiltiest wretch may own;
But, like the sun that burns from pole to pole,
O'er all creation reigns the godlike soul.

So Jephthah proved; for born in low estate,
And driven forth by pride of place, he roved
Lone o'er the world, the sport of chance and fate,
Oppressed and wronged—unloving and unloved;
Behold him now in victory's brightest van!
His own great spirit formed that mighty man.

Let envy, hate, fraud, falsehood—all combine
To crush the spirit self-sustained—'t is vain—
No human power can blast a thing divine;
The shaft rebounds—the ambushed foe is slain,
E'en by his own envenomed weapon—wait,
O son of grief, the thunderbolt of Fate!

For it will come in wrath—though long delayed,
And pour its sea of lightnings o'er the heart
That swells in festering pride o'er hopes betrayed,
Exulting—for its doom! on thine own part

Keep virtue by thy side—thine eye above—
And envy's scorn will thy true greatness prove.

Be lord of thine own spirit, and look down
On the base scatterling herd with pity's smile;
So thou shalt keep the glory and the crown
Of goodness raised above the reach of guile,
And feel that heavenly peace which o'er the breast
Comes like sweet music from the realms of rest.

Just cause had Gilead's sons to wail the hour,
When, proud of their inheritance, they spurned
The bastard boy and mocked him in their power;
Behold him now, in glory's front, returned
From exile—bearing in his mighty hand
The sceptre-sword that guards and rules the land!

Ye little know, proud reptiles of a day!
What 't is ye sting in your impotent spite;
The giant's breath will blast you all for aye
Ere ye can crawl into eternal night;
Beware how ye would trample on the mind—
Vengeance and death and ruin are behind!

Onward careers great Ammon's victor—he
Who long in caves and forest wilds abode,
Weary and faint, the child of misery—
His only friend the omnipresent God!
Let earth admire the wisdom of his trust,
And choose that faithful Friend for ever just!

Oh, when the path of life is hard beset,
And thy sick heart grows faint and sighs alone,
And all that thou in the world's ways hast met
Have left thee in affliction's need and gone
To revel's halls or beauty's fairy bower—
Go, seek a faithful friend in that dark hour!

And kneel down in thy lowliness and ask
His guidance through the mazes of earth's wo
And hooded guilt; and set thee to the task
Of empire o'er thyself, and thou wilt know
How passing great and good thy God will be
In life's worst ills and last extremity.

And do it in thy youth, when the fresh spring
Of joy mid sunny thoughts runs brightly on,
And thy gay spirit soars on rainbow wing
Through the clear heaven of beauty; then alone
On thy heart's shrine kneel humbly down and make
Thy vow to God, for his and for thy sake.

And thou wilt feel the happier, though the jeer
And scoff of the false world may goad thee sore;
Yet keep thy bosom void of care and fear—
Lose not that faith all earth could not restore!
The purest virtues 'neath the sky have been
The sport of jest profane and ribaldry obscene.

Then thou wilt find him true in all his ways,
As to the prophets and wise kings of yore;

His smile will brighten sorrow's darkest days,
And light with bloom death's vale and time's dark
shore;
In all thy griefs thou wilt know where to go—
In all thy sickness and thy cares below.

The mighty victor, with his bright array
Of valiant warriors, in his glory goes
O'er hill and dale, like morning's earliest ray,
Now lost, now flashing through the clouds of rose,
Till Mizpeh brightens on the lengthening view—
Hanging far off on the horizon blue.

Then Jephthah's heart beat high with pride of fame,
Fame which his wife and only child would share—
Alas! how long that lovely daughter's name
Will be the watch-word of his heart's despair!
How long rash vows and all unheedful words
Have broken human hearts and edged unsparing
swords!

The great have fallen from their pride of place—
The good have perished in an evil hour—
The lovely lost their beauty's loveliest grace—
And love and pleasure felt the awful power
One moment wields o'er time; a word hath rent
Empires to atoms, and o'er nations sent

Long bitter strife and misery and death;
Through seas of blood, o'er hills of human bones,

While awful voices shrieked and wailed beneath,
Armies have marched to death and glorious thrones
Changed masters on the instant--how or why?
Go, ask the idle wind that murmurs by!

Men talk of glory and immortal fame,
And pant for honours and the world's applause,
As if the glitter of a spangled name
Would win reversion of great nature's laws;
Ah! who can trust what changes with a breath?
Rests glory's crown upon the brow of death?

Loud rose the shouts of triumph and of pride
O'er Mizpeh's plain and Gilead's glittering heights,
And loud again the conqueror's shouts replied
As o'er the hills, like storm-clouds' fitful lights,
The victor-band rushed on in long array,
Loaded with spoils from Ammon's fearful fray.

Unbounded joy filled every bosom then,
And mirth's loud uproar through the city poured,
And Jephthah was the happiest of men--
The hero-king, whose sceptre was his sword;
And his heart glowed in unrestrained delight
To be thus welcomed from the glorious fight.

But mid his jubilee of fame and pride—
Amid his honours and his pomp of state,
A soft, sweet voice rose by the hero's side—
A voice more awful than the shriek of Fate;

"Bless thee, my father! we've looked long for thee--
O welcome now!--thou dost not look on me!

"Wilt thou not kiss me, father? O, 't is long
Since thou didst fold me in thy dear embrace!
Come, father, come! I'll sing thee a sweet song,
And thou shalt hear and change that gloomy face;
Why, thou art very strange and cold to me
Amid the glory of thy victory!"

"Bought with thy blood, my dear, lost, only child!"
No more the hero's quivering lips could speak;
His crimson brow grew pale--his fixed eye wild--
Tears drowned his voice--his mighty frame grew weak;
The warrior-chief of Ammon's awful day
Sunk in his daughter's arms and swooned away!

THE SON OF GENIUS.

'Twas summer evening and the fair blue sky
In rosy beauty hung o'er land and sea,
And to the poet's visionary eye
Burned with light gushing from eternity;
The soft, sweet airs of heaven breathed o'er his brow
As he gazed on the lovely scene below

His solitary chamber--rich and bright,
And watched the mellowing shadows as they fell
O'er flowery vales and green isles robed in light,
Till darkness dimmed the scenes he loved so well.

But vainly beauty smiles when the heart bleeds
In silent, untold agony of wo;
Nought of fair forms the withering spirit heeds--
All sight and sound is mockery; grief doth grow
Deeper and wilder amid joy and mirth,
And sorrow veils this bright and lovely earth
In darkness and in dreariness--and all
Seems cold and hollow in the ways of men;
And the dark spirit wears a living pall
Of deathless death--it cannot smile again.

Oh! who can tell how hard it is to wear
A mirthful look that hides a broken heart?
How deep and desolate is that despair,
Which sickly smiles of forced delight impart?
'Tis awful misery to seem in joy;
Smiles on the lip--tears in the wandering eye;
Hope on the brow--despair within the soul!
Oh, why to man are all earth's sorrows given--
The thousand woes that mock at man's control,
But from earth's griefs to turn his thoughts to heaven?

The bright creations of his soaring thought
Had from the young bard passed away, and now

He wept o'er all his mighty mind had wrought;
And his heart's darkness gloom'd along his brow,
And fearful forms appeared and bade him look
Upon their ghastly horrors—and he took
The terrors of their wild and withering eyes
E'en to his bosom's core, and o'er him came
That hollowness of sufferance which tries
The spirit more than rack or bickering flame.

He saw not—heard not—thought not of the crowd
That passed him joyously on either hand;
His spirit writhed within a shuddering shroud,
And o'er him Genius waved his magic wand.
(Genius! bright child of heaven—a god of earth!
Despair and Death for ever give thee birth;
Thou angel heir whose heritage is pain!
Whose rapture, anguish and all countless woes;
Whose only joy is sorrow's mournful strain—
Whose only hope this being's early close!)

Earth's charms availed not; sadness in him grew
Darker and deeper till it sunk in gloom;
Time o'er his bosom poured its deadly dew,
And Death called on him from the yawning tomb—
Stretched forth his skeleton arm and beckoned on
The suffering soul whose meteor course was done—
Rising in glory and the pride of fame,
Soaring in beauty on its starry way,
Then bursting o'er the ruin of a name—
The glorious vision of a stormy day!

There was no beauty in this world to him--
No charm, no hope, no comfort, and he felt
Power from his spirit, vigour from each limb,
Life from his heart, departing; and he knelt
In lone devotion to his God and prayed
That Fate's dread arrow might not be delayed,
And yet not pierce his bosom unprepared!
"Father! thou knowest all my thoughts and deeds,
The woes I've borne alone---the woes I've shared---
And thou wilt purify the heart that bleeds."

But nothing can from human hearts expel
The fear of death---it is not weal nor wo,
That withers up the spirit, heaven nor hell;
It is that awful void---that gulf below
All reach of thought---that boundless depth of gloom
Which hangs for ever o'er the oblivious tomb;
No eye can span it and no thought unfold—
Hopes, fears and passions and all human powers
Perish before the mystery untold,
Searching in vain for Eden's holy bowers.

And death to him had terrors—oh, it had
Terrors for thee, almighty Son of God!
Oft callous, fears are felt not by the bad
At the dread voice that summons to the sod;
The doubtfulness of good that virtue feels
Oft o'er the heart in withering anguish steals,
And clouds the closing hour of sinless life
With fears that hardened guilt denies; for, oh,

Goodness doth question its own worth, though rife
With all that hallows earth's intensest wo.

The mournful bard—life's best affections gone,
Its kindly charities and hopes of fame,
Mused darkly on the ways of fate alone—
Continual sorrows and a blasted name,
Till in the pale light of his bosom's shrine
Appeared a form majestic and divine;
Mysterious greatness gleamed along his brow—
His air breathed awe—his voice was like the sea's;
His eye illumed all nature in its glow—
And thus he spake the spirit's mysteries:—

"Son of the Skies! thou, who dost oft commune
With the ethereal stars when sleep locks up
Life's founts of bitterness in night's still noon;
Thou wilt not always drink this poison cup
Of wretchedness allotted thee below;
Thou wilt not always wear upon thy brow
The visible torture of thy bleeding heart;
Thy sunken cheek and hollow eye will yet
Smile ere thy spirit from the world depart,
And coming hours shall teach thee to forget.

"Thy toil hath been for greatness and for fame,
And thou hast panted in the poisoned air
Of hate and envy to achieve a name
For the fool's mockery; and thought and care,
And vigilant observance and much pain,
And watchings long thou could'st not bear again,

Have been rewarded by a damning curse—
The spleen of bastard wit and envy's gall;
And low, base foes, whom fiends could make no worse,
Have shouted o'er the ruins of thy fall.

"One look of thine could blast them into death,
But, mid the locust plague, thine eye would tire
Of slaying, and the poison of their breath
Taint and obscure thy spirit's holy fire.
Pass o'er them—stoop not to their scope—'t is vain
To battle with the fitchew; canst thou reign
And banquet on thy proud and just applause
Without the envenomed chalice, that will bear
Death to thy vitals? In a lofty cause
The world will crown thee with thy heart's despair.

"But should'st thou bask in glory's fairest light,
Canst thou make league with death to sound thy
praise?
Or hope to hear amid sepulchral night
The voice of fame that charmed thy mortal days?
Can mouldering dust resume its form again,
Or thy soul hover o'er this realm of pain
To drink the incense of a crowd, whose breath,
Ere an hour wings its unreturning flight,
May fan the cold, unearthly brow of death,
And all their memories sink to endless night?

"No! glory unbeheld is grief and shame—
The spirit's power is wasted upon dust;

Virtue and goodness never lead to fame,
Nor breathing pictures of the wise and just.
Fiends love not what they cannot falsify,
And there *are* fiends who never dwelt on high.
Let Genius dip his pencil in the gloom,
That o'er man's heart comes from the depths of hell—
Ages will weep above his laurelled tomb,
And immortality his triumphs swell.

"Yet thou must soar; immortal spirits wear
Robes coloured in the skies—they cannot rest
Mid earth's cold multitudes; the holy air
Near heaven they breathe, and are supremely blest
When, the false world and all its woes forgot,
They feel their own divinity; thy lot,
Lowly with men, is holy and sublime
With angels and winged glories at the hour
Of inspiration, when thy soul can climb
Heaven's gate and hail each spirit in his bower.

"Less for the world's applause, more for thy own,
Howe'er, in humble consciousness of all
The gifts of GOD, toil thou till crowns are won
Of virtue and of glory; see thou fall
Not from the principles of goodness given
To all earth's sons by kind, indulgent heaven!
Despair not of thy meed! though dark the hour
Of disappointment, put the armour on
Of faith and perseverance, and thy power
Will strengthen still when centuries have gone."

Ceased the deep voice—the ideal phantom fled;
But left that comfort which reflection gives
To virtue in affliction;—well 't were said,
He lives to glory who to goodness lives.
O'er the young bard new freshened feelings rise,
And thoughts of beauty beaming from the skies,
And gay hope, like a sunbow, round his heart
Glitters and colours every feeling there,
And as his dark and dreary thoughts depart,
He feels,—while heaven awaits, let none despair!

THE PROPHET'S MALISON.*

The apostate king of Israel's holy land
Was revelling in Samaria's idol bowers,
And round him danced and sung a harlot band
To soothe remorseful sin's long lingering hours;—
The fair Zidonian wandered through the grove,
The heathen queen of lawless faith and love.

There Ahab lay, with pomp pavilioned round,
Couches of gold and gorgeous canopies,

*And Elijah, the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab—As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word.—I. Kings, xvii. 1.

And wanton harps of most melodious sound,
And robes that wore the rainbow's mingled dies;—
There nothing lacked of his luxurious show
Save God's approval as he looked below.

There wreathing flowers hung breathing rich perfume,
And fragrant fruit of every form and name,
And radiant beauty in voluptuous bloom
To Ahab's bower, a willing victim, came;
Not unobserved by Zidon's daughter, who
Plunged him in crime and gloried in the view.

Yet oft amid the music and the mirth
His dark brow quivered and his eye grew wild;
Forms passed before him not of mortal birth,
And gleamed along his brain, and darkly smiled
With that prophetic look which probes and sears
The heart, and in a moment does the work of years.

Beneath the glory of his gorgeous show
A viper preyed upon his heart, and none,
Save his false queen, could soothe the awful wo
Of him who groaned—a slave upon a throne!
She o'er him held the power of crime and he
Bowed shuddering to her bloody sovereignty.

Israel's grey fathers by the wayside stood
Communing mournfully on other days,
And oft they saw the awful sign of blood
Shoot o'er the wrathful sky its fiery rays;

And then they looked toward the groves of Baal
And shrieked to see the warning portent fail.

But save to eyes of faith no sign appeared,
And Ahab revelled on in deadlier guilt,
Nor Syrian king nor slaughtering angel feared;
And by his side she lay whose hand had spilt
The blood of God's high prophets and profaned
The temple where His visible presence reigned.

And each had sinned till heaven could bear no more,
And mid their wildest riot, most profane,
A tall, majestic shadow stood before
Their blasted eyes—now downcast all in vain;
The sable garb—the hoary beard—the tread,
Solemn as death, shook Ahab's soul with dread.

For well he knew the prophet of the Lord,
And awfully he feared to meet him there,
Amid those idol groves and bowers abhorred;
And his heart quailed in horror and despair
When with uplifted eyes and hands outspread,
The Seer of God his awful message said:—

"Hear, rebel king! and thou, false heathen, hear!
Thus saith the Lord and thus it shall be done;
Oft o'er this land shall pass the death-winged year
Beneath the scorchings of the cloudless sun;
Nor rain, nor dew, nor vapour shall assuage
The burning heat in its wide-wasting rage.

"All streams shall vanish and all fountains dry,
And still the mighty sun shall burn and burn,
Till stiffening lips can frame no dying cry—
Till withered hearts to cracking masses turn—
And chords and sinews cleave unto the bone,
And the flesh shrink and harden into stone.

"Groves, gardens, vineyards—all green things shall fail,
And desolation reign o'er all the land;
Proud men—fair women, choaking, ghastly pale,
In vain shall struggle with impotent hand
To end their agonies;—all earth shall lie
Blackeningi n barrenness 'neath a burning sky.

"The lips shall feel no moisture in the breath---
E'en on the corse the famished worm shall die,
And death go slaughtering o'er the wreck of death,
Amid the still, unutterable agony;
The babe shall die---to the hot bosom pressed---
Pressing its withered lips unto its mother's breast.

"The prince and beggar, and the lord and slave,
Shall writhe and agonize and gasp for breath
And perish side by side---and one wide grave,
The lake's exhausted gurge, shall hold them; Death
Shall ride victorious, mid low girgling moans,
To slaughter o'er a nation's skeletons.

"Amid the thick, intolerable glare
A dull, dead sound shall murmur evermore,

And flocks and herds pant in the sweltering air
And lie down in the channel that before
Held many waters, and devour the sand
That yet is moist. And Israel's sons shall stand

"Gazing until their eyes weep blood upon
Creation's fiery furnace to behold
The beauty of a cloud---there shall be none!
No more the shepherd need to watch his fold,
No more the vintager his vines---no more
The merchant hail his vessel from the shore.

"Yon holy mountains from their cloudy height
Shall waft no breezes to the burning vale,
But savage beasts shall yell in wild affright
From rock and cave till sense and motion fail,
And the black leafless forests mourn and sigh
Between the dying earth and all-destroying sky.

"Then thou, proud king! e'en in this idol grove
Amid thy host of deities shalt feel
The wrath of an offended God, and prove
His penal might; here thou wilt pray and kneel
E'en in the house of Baal---his house of crime---
And weary heaven for mercy in that time.

"But vainly shalt thou ask it---all as vain
As God did long beseech thee to return
And live---thou would'st not hearken then---again
Thou shalt not hear his voice! o'er thee shall burn,

And thy idolaters, his fiercest ire
Till Israel's sins are purified by fire.

"All earth shall blacken in a sea of flame
Till years have rolled their desolating way---
Till God restores the glory of the name
That Israel bore beneath his holy sway;
Thus saith the Lord! Prepare to meet thy doom!
For vengeance o'er the idolatrous land will come!"

The prophet vanished from the monarch's eye,
Who stood there, chained by agonizing fear;
His dark form towering on the crimson sky---
His voice still ringing in the false king's ear.
In waves of purple flame sunk the hot sun---
The years of wrath and terror have begun.

VISIONS OF ROMANCE.

"Ce l'cure ou la melancholie
S'asseoit pensive et recueillie
Aux bords silencieux des mers,
Et, meditant sur les ruines,
Contemple au penchant des collines
Ce palais, ces temples deserts."

De Lamartine.

When dark-browed midnight o'er the slumbering world
Mysterious shadows and bewildering throws,

And the tired wings of human thought are furled,
And sleep descends, like dew upon the rose,
How full of bliss the poet's vigil hour
When o'er him elder Time hath magic power!

Before his eye past ages stand revealed
When feudal chiefs held lordly banquettings,
In the spoil revelling of wave and field,
Among their vassal serfs unquestioned kings:
While honoured minstrels round the ample board
The lays of love or songs of battle poured.

Mid loud *wassail* and quaint legend and jest,
The horn-rimmed goblet, pledge of heart and hand,
To knightly lips in solemn faith is pressed,
And rose-lipped mirth waits on the warrior-band,
To whom the brand and cup alike are dear,
The storm of battle and the banquet's cheer.

Throned on his *dais*, the proud *suzerain* looked o'er
The lengthening lines of haughty barons there,
And listened to the minstrel's rhythmic lore,
Or boon accorded to the suppliant's prayer,
Or planned the chase through wood and mountain dell,
Or roused his guests by feuds remembered well.

The dinted helmet, with its broken crest,
The serried sabre and the shattered shield
Hung round the wainscoat dark and well expressed

That wild, fierce pride which scorned unscathed to
yield;
And pictures there with dusky glory rife
From age to age bore down stern characters of strife.

Amid long lines of glorious ancestry,
Whose eyes flashed o'er them from the old grey
walls,
What craven quails at danger's lightning eye?
What warrior blenches when his brother falls?
Bear witness, Cresçy and red Agincourt!
Bosworth and Bannockburn and Marston Moor!

The long lone corridors—the antlered hall—
The massive walls—the all-commanding towers—
Where revel reigned and masquerading ball,
And beauty won stern warriors to her bowers—
In ancient grandeur o'er the spirit move
With all their forms of chivalry and love.

The voice of centuries bursts upon the soul—
Long-buried ages wake and live again—
Past feats of fame and deeds of glory roll,
Achieved for ladye-love in knighthood's reign;
And all the simple state of olden Time
Assumes a garb majestic and sublime.

The steel-clad champion on his vaulting steed,
The mitred primate, and the Norman lord,
The peerless maid awarding valour's meed,
And the meek vestal who her God adored—

The pride, the pomp, the power and charm of earth
From Fancy's dome of living thought come forth.

The sacred *oriflamme* in war's red tide
Waves mid the shivering shock of lance and brand,
And trump-like voices burst in shouts of pride
O'er foes whose blood hath stained the wasted land;
Hark! through the convent-shades triumphal songs!
Lo! the rich shrine!—thus saints avenge our wrongs!

O'er kneeling penitents at the abbey's shrine
Absolving voices speak God's benison,
And lonely cloisters echo prayers divine
From many a holy, world-forsaking nun,
Before the image of the Crucified
Bowed in prostration of all worldly pride.

The pale-browed vestal and the dark-stoled friar,
The prayerful monk whose heart is in his grave,
Raise their low voices in the holy choir,
While in response the mournful yew-trees wave;
And through the cloisters and lone aisles they sigh
That hope smiles not for them beneath the sky.

Beyond the holy walls stern warriors sleep
Who gloried in their high-born ancientry;
Whose war-steeds erst in many a desperate leap
O'er lance and spear went on right gloriously—
Carved on the tombstone rests the brave knight's form—
Where is the knight? Ask not the battening worm

The feast is o'er, the huntsman's course is done,
The trump of war—the shrill horn sounds no more—
The heroic revellers from the hall have gone—
The lone blast moans the ruined castle o'er!
The spell of beauty and the pride of power
Have passed for ever from the feudal tower.

No more the drawbridge echoes to the tread
Of visored knight o'ercanopied with gold;
O'er mouldering gates and crumbling archways spread,
Dark ivy waves in many a mazy fold,
Where chiefs flashed vengeance from their lightning glance,
And grasped the brand and couched the conquering lance.

But all hath not in silence perished here—
The deep, still voice of lost power will be heard;
Mysterious spectres in the gloom appear
As still in death they would be shunned and feared;
All is not lost—the bright electric air
Glows with the spirits of the great that were!

One generation from another draws
Greatness and glory adding to its own;
It breathes the spirit of the primal laws,
And makes the heart a freeborn nation's throne;
Time treads in dust earth's highest pride and fame,
But thoughts of power for ever are the same.

Oh! who so weak as ponder on the tomb?
The dead are nothing!—drink the mountain breeze
Or roam o'er ruins wrapt in ages' gloom—
And hoard thou well Earth's silent mysteries;
The past is written in the lightning's glare
To bid the Future for its doom prepare.

The gorgeous pageantry of times gone by---
The tilt, the tournament, the vaulted hall,
Fades in its glory on the spirit's eye,
And fancy's bright and gay creations—all
Sink into dust when reason's searching glance
Unmasks the age of knighthood and romance.

For fatal feuds from unknown sources sprung,
Raged unrepressed and unappeased by tears;
And (shame to tell!) the royal minstrels sung
Oppression's pœan in those darkened years;
Then empire hung upon the arm of power,
And fate frowned o'er the dark embattled tower.

Like lightning lingering on the sable cloud,
Their glories flash and dazzle but to slay;
A warning light—a flame engirdled shroud
Amid the o'erwhelming tempest's black array!
The days of chivalry may yet return,
But may their glories gleam upon my urn!

THE SURPRISAL.*

From Gibeah's tower, at the dawn of day,
The warder looked afar,
And he saw through the mist strange disarray
In the foemen's ranks of war;
The deep earth shook and the twilight air
With a thousand voices rung,
And a death-wail rose of wild despair
Where the foe to battle sprung.

In the mountain-pass tall shadowy forms
Reeled madly to and fro,
Like the rage and shock of Alpine storms
From the Jungfrau's snowy brow;
And the shivering spear and clashing sword
Showed where the giants fell,
Before the wrath of Israel's lord,
Down the dark and gory dell.

From his fitful sleep, with a start of fear,
'Neath the great pomegranate tree,
King Saul leapt up, and he grasped his spear,
And listened breathlessly;—

* See I. Samuel, xiv.

"Whence come those war-cries?" Louder now
Peal mingled shouts and screams,
And the fire of death o'er Seneh's brow
In lurid grandeur gleams.

"This morning broke on a mailed host,
In vast and haught array;
Like Egypt's throng on the Red Sea's coast,
They have melted all away!
With the speed of Fate count o'er my band"—
"My liege, your will is done."
"The foeman flies from his proud command"—
"Before your gallant son."

"Lo! Judah's prince on the beetling rock
O'erthrows his giant foe,
And he hurls him down, with a stunning shock,
O'er the gory ridge below!
God shield him now!" and the army stood
In fixed and wild amaze,
While the warrior prince through waves of blood
Went on in glory's blaze.

"The ark of God!" at that awful cry
The warriors knelt and prayed—
Then their onset shouts rolled o'er the sky,
And they rushed on undismayed;
In the arrowy van, with a wrathful brow,
King Saul, like a storm, passed by,
And his iron heel tramped o'er his foe,
Unheard his dying cry.

A thousand swords and a thousand spears
Are flashing far and wide,
And the heathen host aye disappears
Before high Judah's pride;
Through the livelong day the foemen fled,
And the victor prince pursued,
Till in Beth-aven, among the dead,
At eve the conqueror stood.

TO LUZELLE.

If your soul were in my soul's stead,
I would not blame but weep with thee,
And every hope and pleasure fled
Should be revived by sympathy;
I could not smile amid thy tears,
Nor feel a joy when wo was thine—
But thou canst mock my darkest fears,
And laugh at sorrow when 't is mine.

Illusion may uphold belief
That this false world is kind and true,
And thou may'st smile at withering grief
Who never felt its deadly dew;
And I can bear thy wildest mirth,
Though my cold heart entombs the dead—

But dark would seem this joyous earth,
If your soul were in my soul's stead.

Time was when life looked gay and bright,
And this world full of bowers of love;
When sunny day and starry night
Below smiled as they smile above;
Then grief was but a strange, sad name,
And mournful looks the theme of jest—
Then hope was bliss, and love was fame,
And but to breathe was to be blest.

But now—my eye hath lost its fire,
My soul its mirth, my heart its bloom,
And all that's left me is my lyre,
And a stern pride, dark as the tomb;
Yet I can bear thy laugh and mirth,
And blame thee not, though hope hath fled—
For darker yet would seem this earth,
If your soul were in my soul's stead!

THE BURIAL OF ABELMIZRAIM.*

"Rest, reverend patriarch! in thy last repose,
And soft and holy be thy blessed sleep!
O'er thy loved form the vaulted tomb we close—
O'er thee we bend and feel it bliss to weep.

* See Genesis, ch. L.

Rest, Father, rest beyond the woes of earth!
Seraphic spirits hail thy heavenly birth!

"Great honoured chief! from Egypt's throne we come
To render reverence to thy mighty son,
And bear with homage to the sacred tomb
His sire who stands by Pharaoh's godlike throne;
Rest in the fulness of thy years and fame,
O ancient chief! and honoured be thy name!

"Sleep mid the fragrance of thy virtuous deeds,
And may thy spirit breath thy heart's perfume!
While thus I kiss thy brow, my bosom bleeds—
O that I could sleep with thee in the tomb!
Rest, Father, rest among thine honoured race!
Thy lost son bears thee to thy dwelling-place!"

Such were the sounds from Atad's tented plain,
That warned the nations Israel was no more;
Low murmuring Jordan listened to the strain,
And sighed the notes along his pebbled shore,
And Hebron heard and echoed down her vale
The long, the deep, the mournful funeral wail.

The voice of death went forth o'er Edom's land,
And Seir bewailed in solemn unison;
E'en misbelievers round Machpelah stand
And mourn the patriarch and the prophet gone,
While on her pillar Israel's earliest love
Stands, welcoming his spirit's flight above.

Lo! where they move in lengthening march and slow,
The choicest pride and pomp of Egypt's throne;
Their golden chariots in the bright sun glow—
Their chargers move in mournful grandeur on;
Rich purple robes, with grief's insignia bound,
Throw rainbow colours on the fresh air round.

The long dependent line, that comes and comes,
Still lengthening, as it moves, on either side;
The princely state, that all the scene illumes—
The eloquent still grief—the solemn pride—
All—all proclaim a great, good man hath gone,
And left no peer to do as he hath done.

Mark him, the foremost of the long array,
The mightiest prince that roams the banks of Nile!
His heart is sad—his soul is dark to-day—
His fixed and thoughtful eye betrays no smile;
Amid his pomp and majesty he seems
Lost in the mazes of dark memory's dreams.

And well he may be—'t is the dreaming boy,
The son of Israel's age—the lovely one!
And here he breathes again his native sky,
The lord of Egypt's lords;—and one alone
In the wide world bears loftier rule than he,
The shepherd-boy—the slave of treachery!

Again he sees the vales of Shechem spread
Their bright rich verdure, and the lovely plains

Of Dothan, dotted with white flocks—and red
The vintage opes around its swollen veins,
The same as when he took his lonely way
To seek his brethren—and now where are they?

Around him rise familiar scenes, and well
Remembrance keeps his ancient love for them;
E'en to the erring wanderer he could tell
Each spot from Hebron's vale to Bethlehem;
There his mad brethren mocked his misery—
Here bound and sold him—and now where is he?

Again he hears the cruel taunt and jest—
Again he sees the Ishmeelitan band;
His spirit shudders e'en to dream the rest—
The toilsome journey and the foreign land;
Dark o'er his thought the gathering shadows come,
Like wild, gaunt spectres from the haunted tomb.

But in a pure and lofty mind the fell
Revenge of grovelling spirits may not rest;
As well might passions, born and nursed in hell,
Riot and rage in Gabriel's holy breast;
Lo! as the past rolls o'er his thoughtful mind,
He turns and smiles on Israel's sons behind.

And, oh, that smile of all-forgiving love
Sunk like an arrow in each guilty soul;
'Tis passing anguish—more than death to prove
Affection breaking through the world's control;

So righteous heaven turns on the envious heart
The keenest edge of hate's envenomed dart.

The pardoning spirit conquers every wrong,
And from worst ill draws everlasting good;
Wretched he lives and dies in shame, who long
O'er dark revenge and penal fate doth brood;
The almighty arm, the Almighty One hath said,
Alone must vengeance on the oppressor shed.

As onward rolled the solemn burial train
Through Hebron's vale—his childhood's home—how sweet
Seemed to the prince those bowers of love again
Where erst a father's smile he used to meet,
Whene'er he came at evening from the field,
And sadly deeds of dark import revealed!

How fondly through decay he traced the scene
Of many a happy hour and innocent,
When, his heart gay and as the sky serene,
From Israel's smile to God's he came and went,
Of both alike the love! and, oh, how fair
The far blue hills hung on the misty air!

Then, as he looked and sighed o'er happier hours,
His musings caught a darker hue, and turned
To Israel wandering through his silent bowers
In desolate grief—yes, here he wept and mourned
For his lost son—for Rachel's lovely child,
Year after year till agony grew wild.

None now were left the good old man could love
As virtuous fathers love their offspring—save
His youngest born, and he could never move
The heart that slumbered in his brother's grave,
Whene'er it ceased to bleed—except when heaven
Revealed a hope by earth no longer given.

He put on sackcloth and denied the poor
And worn-out words of comfort all could give;
They could not to his heart his son restore,
And he in mourning for the lost would live—
Oh, Israel's sons had hearts from out the rock—
Nature could not abide such sorrow's shock!

How could the traitors to a father's heart
Meet the wild eye whose light dissolved in tears?
Or how their tale of tissued lies impart
To a soul darkened by the storms of years?
All but a father, who in love must dote,
Might have seen treachery on the bloody coat.

But he, alas! too true to doubt the oath
Of them whose minds beneath his eye had grown,
Believed as virtue smooth vice ever doth,
And mourned in silence, friendless and alone;
While the twin-robbers led their brethren forth
To deeds that stained the young, the blooming earth.

The prince wept bitterly as thus he drew
Affection's dark portrait of lonely wo,
And memory sketched in sorrow's sable hue
The blight of hope his sire was doomed to know,

While he, the Hebrew boy, through trials bore
True faith and worship to a heathen shore.

The mighty lord of Egypt's garden-land
Could bear no more; upon the solemn bier
He fixed his eye and leaned upon his hand,
Like one whose soul seeks heaven's high holy sphere,
Till paused his chariot at the house of death,
Machpelah's cave—the burial-field of Heth.

There the great father of the faithful slept,
His youth's first love reposing by his side;
And there the sire of countless nations kept
Eternal watches o'er his beauteous bride;
There Laban's daughter slumbered with the dead,
And there doth Israel lay his reverend head.

With solemn rite and ceremonial due
They lay the patriarch on his last cold bed,
And o'er him myrrh and balm and spicery strew,
And flowers, bright as his deeds, sweet perfume shed;
There let him sleep for ever undecayed!
The prince kneeled down and to Jehovah prayed.

He rose and gazed on Israel's pallid brow,
And sighed and turned—and turned and looked once more,
Then from the cave, with mournful step and slow,
Went forth and sealed the sacred temple's door.
Far on their way to Egypt's land the bright
And solemn train shed lengthening lines of light.

THE LAY OF THE COLONIST.

On the rude threshold of his woodland cot,
When the sun turned the western sky to gold,
Wrapt in dark musings on his wayward lot,
And joys long past that o'er his spirit rolled,
Stern in his faith, though sorrow marked his mein,
The exile stood—the genius of the scene!

Unbounded, solitary, dark and deep,
The mountain forests lowered around and threw
Their solemn shadows o'er the craggy steep,
Where human foot had never brushed the dew;
And through the tangled maze of wildwoods run
Streams, whose long waves ne'er glittered in the sun.

O'er the vast sea of foliage vari-hued
No wreathing smoke from distant cottage rose;
No well-known voice came singing thro' the wood—
No form beloved tracked o'er the winter snows,
Or sunny summer hillside, glad to seek
And find a friend to cheer him once a-week.

Unbroken there was life's lone sleep, save when
The moose or panther yelled along his way,
Or the wolf prowled and ravined through the glen,
Or, high in air, the eagle screamed for prey;

The Indian's arrow had a noiseless flight,
More dark and deadly than a monarch's might.

Oft lonely barrows on the woody plain
Alone revealed that mortal things had been;
That here red warriors, in their slaughter slain,
Reposed in glory on the conquering scene
Of their high valour—and their hard-won fame
Hath left them not on earth a record—or a name.

But soon the whirring arrow, stained with blood,
Gave fearful warning vengeance slept not here—
That he, who threaded thus the mazy wood,
And slew far-off the wild and timorous deer,
Had darts within his quiver stored to bear
Death to the white man through the noiseless air.

Mid the dense gloom of nature's forest-woof
The exile stood, who erst with lords abode;
Rude was the cottage with its leaf-thatched roof,
Where dwelt the puritan—alone with God;—
There terror oft through nights of cold unrest
Counted the pulse of many a trembling breast.

In the vast wilderness, afar removed
From scenes more dear than happy hearts can tell,
Torn from the bosoms of the friends he loved
Too fervently to bid a last farewell;
Here, at the hour when hearts breathe ar away
Their music—thus the exile poured his lay:—

"Mysterious are thy ways, Almighty One!
And dark the shades that veil thy throne of light,
But still to thee we bow—thy will be done—
For human pride leaves erring man in night;
To thee we make our still and solemn prayer—
Be thou our Sun and every scene is fair!

"When from oppression, crowned and mitred, Lord!
We fled—a faint band—o'er the Atlantic main,
Thou wert our refuge—thou, our shield and sword—
Our light in gloom—our comforter in pain;
Thy smile beamed brighter on our woodland shed
Than all earth's glory on a regal head.

"And oft, amid the darkness and the fears
Of them thy goodness gave to share my lot,
Thou hast in mercy listened to the tears
Of love and innocence in this rude cot,
And filled pale lips with bread, and the raised arm
Of murder palsied ere its wrath could harm.

"When through the unbarred window on our bed
The famishing bear hath looked—or to our hearth
The tyger sprung to tear the babe—or red
The hatchet gleamed along the glade, on earth,
Ev'n as in Eden, thou hast walked in power,
And saved us in the dark and trying hour.

"When, gathered round the winter fire, whose flames
The cold gale, howling through the cottage, fanned,

We talked o'er distant loved and honoured names,
And sighed when thinking of our native land,
Thy still, small voice was heard—'The same God here
Beholds thee as thy friends beloved and dear.'

"Thus hast thou been our comfort—thou, for whom
We left the land—loved land! that gave us birth,
And sought these shores of savageness and gloom,
Cold, faint and sick—the exiles of the earth!
We heard thy summons, Lord! and here we are,
Near to thy love—from earthly loves afar!

"Softly beneath thine all-protecting smile
Hath been our sleep in perils dire—and on
The stormy waters and the rugged soil
Thy blessing hath descended, and thy sun
Hath unto us such gladdening harvests given
As erst came down on Zin from pitying heaven.

"Narrow and dark through this continuous shade
Our winding paths o'er cliffs and moors must be;
But bright with verdure is our lovely glade,
Bright as our love and sweet as piety;
And here, though danger point the poisoned dart,
We wear a charm, true faith, within the heart.

"The radiant sun, thy glorious work, O Lord!
Fades from the west and lights the moon on high;
As they who trust in thy most holy word,
Catch light and glory from the blessed sky;

And even here amid the forest's gloom
Life's darkest hours thy smile can e'er illume."

The exile turned and entered to his home,
Blest with the view his pious soul had caught
Of heaven's mysterious ways—and o'er him come,
As through his mind roll living streams of thought,
Such gleams of joy as ever must arise
From his pure heart who worships at the skies.

Irreverent sons of Plymouth's pilgrim band!
Approach not them ye will not to revere!
The wandering fathers of this mighty land
Contemplate thou with reverence and fear,
Heir of the Faithful! let thy bosom take
The faith that dared the exile and the stake!

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

WHENE'ER in solemn meditative mood
I roam alone o'er nature's fair domain,
Or 'mid the shadowy stillness of the wood,
Or o'er the shell-strewn beach of the bright main,
Or the green waving upland lawn,
Where pearly dew-drops gem the flowers,
And summer smiles at rosy dawn,
Like memory o'er unsinning hours,

I often think that soon the time must come,
When I shall change this fair world for the tomb.

I think—and sorrow steals a tear the while—
That spring will perfume all the inspiring air,
And summer suns o'er lovely landscapes smile,
And autumn heaven's own garb of glory wear;
That silver voices, fond and sweet,
Will mingle in devoted love,
And happy youths and maidens meet,
Where now with mournful steps I rove;
But when bright flowers and suns and fields are gay,
Where shall I be!—where will my footsteps stray?

The glorious sun in radiant heaven will rise,
And soft voiced birds amid the roselight sing;
The mellow moon will shine in bright blue skies,
And groves breathe music o'er the gushing spring;
But where will be the lonely one,
Who swept his lyre in wayward mood,
And sighed and sung and wept alone
In holy nature's solitude?
Where shall I be when other bards are seen
Wandering in reverie where I oft have been?

The paths I've worn—a stranger's foot will tread—
The trees I've reared—will yield no fruit to me—
The flowers I've trained—can't blossom for the dead—
The name I've cherished—what is that to thee,

Pale phantom of the brain—O Fame!
There's none to weep when I am gone;
E'en if thou wilt, forget my name—
I've lived and will die alone!
I ne'er could brook an eye upon my heart—
As I have lived, even so I will depart.

Alas! 'tis very sad to think that we,
Sons of the sun, eternal heirs of light,
Must perish sooner than the wind-tossed tree,
Our hands have planted, and unending night
Close o'er our buried memories!
Our sphere of starry thought—our sun
Of glory quenched in morning skies—
Our sceptre broken—empire gone—
The voice, that spake creations into birth,
Too weak to fright the worm from human earth!

I know not where this heart will sigh its last—
I cannot tell what shaft will deal the blow—
Nor, when the final agony is past,
Whither my spirit from this world will go;
It will not sleep, it cannot die,
It is too pure to grovel here;
Among the worlds beyond the sky,
In some unknown but lovely sphere,
O may it dwell all bodiless and bright,
Shrined in a temple of eternal light!

But, like our fondest hopes and best desires,
Our aspirations may be all in vain;

Our souls may worship their own glorious fires,
Which light us only into dust again;
Perchance, the creatures of an hour,
Our being closes in the grave—
Of death and dark corruption's power
I would not be the thrall and slave;
No—let me plunge into the black abyss—
My spirit shudders at the thought of this!

Where'er the spirit goes—howe'er it lives—
I cannot doubt it sometimes comes below,
And from the scenes of mortal love derives
Much to enhance its happiness or wo.
And when I muse of death and gloom,
And all that saints and prophets tell,
I pause not at the dark, cold tomb,
Nor listen to the passing knell,
But think how dear the scenes I loved will be
When I gaze on them from eternity!

THE DIRGE.

Weep not thou for the dead!
Sweet are their dreamless slumbers in the tomb—
Their eyelids move not in the morning's light,
No sun breaks on the solitary gloom,

No sound disturbs the silence of their night—
Soft seems their lowly bed!

Grieve not for them, whose days
Of fleshly durance have so quickly passed,—
Who feel no more affliction's iron chain!
Sigh not for them who long since sighed their last,
Never to taste of sin and wo again
In realms of joy and praise!

What they were once to thee
It nought avails to think—save thou canst draw
Pure thoughts of piety, and peace, and love,
And reverent faith in heaven's eternal law,
From their soft teachings, ere they soared above,
Lost in Eternity!

When o'er the pallid brow
Death flings his shadow—and the pale, cold cheek
Quivers, and light forsakes the upturned eye,
And the voice fails ere faltering lips can speak
The last farewell—be not dismayed—to die
Is man's last lot below!

Death o'er the world hath passed
Oft, and the charnel closed in silence o'er
Revolvent generations—past and gone!
And he will reign till earth can hold no more—
Till Time shall sink beneath the Eternal Throne,
And heaven receive its last.

Death enters at our birth
The moulded form we idolize so much,
And hour by hour some subtle thread dissolves,
That links the web of life— at his cold touch
Power after power decays as time revolves,
Till earth is blent with earth.

The soul cannot abide
In the dark dreariness of flesh and sin;—
Its powers are chained and trampled on by clay,
And paralyzed and crushed—'t would enter in
Its own pure heaven, where passion's disarray
Comes not, nor hate nor pride.

Come, widowed one! with me,
And we will wander through the shades of death!
Look now upon those sheeted forms that soar
Amid the rosy air! their perfumed breath
Wafts the rich fragrance of heaven's flowery shore—
Amid the light of Deity!

Would'st thou wail o'er their flight?
Or curb their pinions with the chains of Time?
Art thou or canst thou be so happy here,
Thy spirit pants not for a fairer clime?
O, sorrowing child of sin, and doubt, and fear!
Thy heart knows no delight.

Would'st thou roll back the waves
Of the unfathomed ocean of the Past,

And from soft slumbers wake the undreaming Dead,
Again to shiver in the bleak, cold blast,
Again the desert of despair to tread,
And mourn their peaceful graves?

Ah, no!—forget them not!
Thoughts of the dead incite to worthy deeds,
Or from the paths of lawless ill deter;
When the lone heart in silent sorrow bleeds,
Or sin entices—to the past recur—
Trust heaven—thou wilt not be forgot!

Weep not for them who leave
In childhood's sinless hours the haunts of vice!
Mourn not the lovely in their bloom restored
To the bright bowers of their own paradise!
Mourn not the good who meet their honoured Lord
Where they no more can grieve!

But rather weep and mourn
That thou art yet a sinning child of dust,
Changeful as April skies or fortune's brow;
And, while thy grief prevails, be wise, and just,
And kind—so thou shalt die like flowers that blow,
And into rose-air turn.

NECROPOLIS.

Amid the noise and close pursuit of gain,
And strife of interest, and show, and glare
Of cities, death becomes a spectacle
Of sombre pomp, to gaze on, not to feel;
A thing of stern necessity which all
Idly believe they must encounter, when
Time summons; but they think not that a chance,
A step, a word, a look, may seal their fate,
And bear them on to ruin; the mere form,
The mantle of the grave, so oft beheld,
Becomes familiar—but the thought, that burns
Into the bosom, purifying all
The taints and blots of years, and leading on
The spirit to deep penitence for sin,
Comes not within the heart.—Whene'er the soul
Contemplative, would with the sainted dead
Hold still communion, living forms obtrude,
And blend the grossness and the poor parade
Of earth, with the pure essence of our thought;
And sounds, unmeet for meditation's ear,
Break on the holy solitude, and tear
The spirit from its loftiness, and bring

All the vain forms and unwise usages
Of the cold world, between us and the skies.

But would'st thou feel the deep solemnity
And awe, unmixed, if thou revere heaven's law,
With dread fanatic, go thou to the grave
Of some poor villager, and contemplate
His silent burial! There thou wilt see
The coffin and the bier—the sable pall,
And dark-robed mourners, and thine ear will catch
The dreary stroke of mattock and of spade,
And thou wilt hear that hollow, deathlike sound
Of falling clay, most awful melancholy,
As in the city's mighty burying place.
But less of forms—less of the world around—
More of the spirit of the scene, the flight
Unknown of that most subtle thing called life,
The untravelled realm beyond thee and the JUDGE
Immaculate, who waits thy coming, then
In solitude and silence, thou wilt muse,
And bow thy spirit 'neath the throne of heaven.
Tears shed when none can mark them must be pure,
Gushing from the full heart, and when the corse
Is laid within the narrow house, that holds
All man's ambition, love, and wealth, and hope,
And solitude doth shadow all the scene,
Lone on the hill-side, thou, in passing near,
To contemplate the last abode of earth,
See'st some pale mourner seated by the grave,
Where the uprooted sods, new placed in earth,
Wither to yellowness in the hot sun,

Thou may'st be sure the grief thou see'st is true;
And it will do thy bosom good to mark
That silent mourner; more than loud lament,
And prayers profane, and showers of ready tears,
Such deep yet humble wo avails with HIM
Who gave the dead son living to the arms
Of her who had given worlds to see him live,
Yet asked not back the dead.—The saddest scenes
Of our mortality to searching minds,
Become a pleasure when the human heart
Pours its untainted feelings forth, and gives
Like calm, deep waters, every image back
In nature unimpaired. There is in truth,
Howe'er uncultured, such an eloquence
Of joy or sorrow, as imparts its force
E'en to the hardest heart; and would'st thou hope
To be remembered fondly after death,
Not with continual tears and sighs, but love
Growing with thought, until it quite absorbs
The heart, and gives its utterance by deeds,
Such as the mourner thinks thou would'st approve
Living—go, and resign thy breath to HIM
Who gave it, mid calm nature's soft repose;
Then thou wilt sink into thy final rest,
The dreamless sleep whose morning has no end,
With many things to comfort thy departure;
Feeling, when o'er thee comes the last cold thrill
Of shuddering nature, and thy voice grows weak
And hollow, and the dew upon thy brow

Wets the warm lips of love, and many grasp
Convulsively thy bloodless hand, that they
Will fondly think of thee when thou art gone,
And never speak thy name except in praise.

CONSOLATION.

Why weep'st thou, son of earth?
Why writhes thy pallid brow in inward strife,
Or heaves thy bosom with convulsive sighs?
O, art thou weary of thy lonely life,
And panting for a being in the skies?
Speak— let thy grief come forth!

Hath some beloved friend
Left thee in loneliness to sigh and weep,
And evermore to feel thyself alone—
Thy lovely bride who on thy heart did sleep,
Or she who gave thee birth—her only one,
Beloved without end?

Perchance, thou mourn'st the loss
Of some long faithful friend—now proved untrue,
Baring thy bosom naked to the gaze
And mockery of the world--and through and through
Thy heart is pierced—and thou in evil days
Alone must bear the cross;

And find no comforter in all
Thy sorrows and thy sicknesses, while hate
And persecution follow thee and goad
And wound thee sore—and thou canst not relate
Thy griefs to any friend, but bear'st thy load
As 't were thy funeral pall.

The sweet friends of thy youth,
Thy kindred loves, the truest and the best,
All may have left thee, or by death or worse,
Keen-cutting treachery; and in thy breast
Their blessing's changed into a withering curse—
And memory's the grave of truth.

Yet weep not o'er thy doom
As those who hide their treasure in the dust;
Though thou art poor and scarce canst lay thy head
In peace to rest, yet fail not in thy trust
Of *Him* who watches o'er thy humble bed—
There's light amid the gloom.

The hand, that erst sent food
Ev'n in the beaks of ravens to the seer,
And manna o'er the desert wilderness,
Will serve thy wants ev'n in thy greatest fear,
And in the agony of thy distress
Reveal unlooked-for good.

Then weep no more nor sigh!
The SUPREME GOOD wields not His power in vain;

Forgive thy foes and love them for *His* sake,
Who sees and will relieve thy hardest pain;
Trust HIM and weep not—and thy heart will take
His image from the sky!

THE MIAMI MOUNDS.

"Rogas ubi post obitum jaceas? ubi non nata jaceant."

WRECKS of lost nations! monuments of deeds,
Immortal once—but all forgotten now!
Mysterious ruins of a race unknown,
As proud of ancestry, and pomp, and fame—
Prouder, perchance, than those who ponder here
O'er what their wild conjectures cannot solve!
Who raised these mouldering battlements? who trod
In jealous glory o'er these ruined walls?—
Who reigned, who triumphed, or who perished here?
What scenes of revelry, and mirth, and crime,
And love, and hate, and bliss and bale have passed?
Ah! none can tell. Oblivion's dusky folds
Shroud all the Past, and none may lift the pall;
Or, if they could, what would await the eye
Of antique research, but the fleshless forms
Of olden time; dark giant bones that tell—
Nothing! dim mysteries of the earth and air!
Since human passions met in conflict here,

The woods of centuries have grown—and oft
And long, the timid deer hath bounded o'er
The sepulchre of warriors, and wild birds
Sung notes of love o'er slaughter's crimson field.
And the gaunt wolf and catamount and fox
Have made their couches in the embattled towers
Of dauntless chiefs, nor dreamt of danger there!
Princes and kings—the wise, the great, the good,
May slumber here, and blend their honoured dust
With Freedom's soil; and navies may have rode
On the same wave that bears our starry sails.
Here heroes may have bled to win a name
On Glory's sun-bright scroll, and prophets watched
Their holy shrines, whose fires no longer glow.
Sweet rose and woodbine bowers around these walls
May once have bloomed less fragrant and less fair
Than the fond hearts that blended, and the lips
That pressed in passion's rapture; and these airs
That float unconscious by, may have been born
Of gales, that bore Love's soft enchanting words.
But all is silent now as Death's own halls!
Empires have perished where these forests tower
In desolate array—and nations sunk
With all their glories, to the darkling gulf
Of cold forgetfulness!—But what avails
The uncertain quest, the dark and wildering search
For those whose spirits have but passed way
To the dark land of shadows and of dreams,

An hour before our own? Why in amaze
Behold these shattered walls, when other times
Shall hang in wondering marvel o'er our own
Proud cities, and inquire—" Who builded these?"

RHIGAS.

[The first of modern Grecian worthies, who invoked and concentrated those thunders of vengeance which have since burst over the empire of Turkey in Greece. He fell by treachery, in May, 1798.]

From Thessaly's woods a voice goes forth,
A voice of wrath o'er the groaning earth,
And the ancient hills, as it sounds along,
Wail back the cry of a nation's wrong,
And the Ægean Isles with a shout reply
To the far-heard trump of victory.
Olympus stoops to hear
The voice of patriot power,
And the gods of Greece appear
In this dark and fearful hour.

Men stand erect in their pride again,
And grasp the sabre, that long hath lain,
Like the soul of Greece, in the sloth and rust
Of dead despair—and they shake the dust
Of slavery from their banners proud,
And swear they shall be their shield or shroud;

The deep wild voice of wrath wails on,
And Œta bows as it hurries by,
And as it sweeps o'er Marathon,
The dead send up an awful cry.

That voice thrills through the hearts of men,
Like lightning through a tomb—the glen,
The vale, the hill, and the holy wood
Return it back like an ocean flood,
And the Priestess lights her Delphic shrine,
And o'er it bends with a look divine;
And helm and brand and spear
In the altar's blazing glare,
And the warrior dead come near,
In the solemn guise of prayer.

The beacon-lights of the brave around
Blaze to the sky o'er the holy ground,
And warrior-forms in their armour gleam,
Like the giant shapes of a troubled dream;
With lances in rest, and swords in hand,
As the Grecians stood, the Grecians stand.
The Turk is slumbering by
In his garb of blood and death—
A nation's victor cry
Is hanging on a breath!

'Mid the pillared ruin's hollow gloom,
Bursting in wrath from the sleepless tomb,
In his hauberk each and his belted brand,
The dead arise in their stern command;

They long have groan'd in a restless trance,
But they hear the voice, and seize the lance,
And put their terrors on—
And they throng around the brave,
And chant high glories gone
In the deep voice of the grave.

A glorious shape is passing by,
With a brow of gloom and a lowering eye—
His casque is severed—his banner torn—
His sabre broken, and his look forlorn!
Like a warrior's ghost in the lightning's light,
He stands before that altar bright.
The voice of wrath is still,
And the beacon-fires are dim,
And o'er each midnight hill
Is heard a funeral hymn.

"Dark the Danube, but darker far
The blood on the Turkish scymetar!
Dark the Danube, and deep its wave!
But darker and deeper Rhigas' grave!
The mighty waters flow lonely on,
But they bear the corse of Grecia's son!
Not Passwan Oglou's power,
Nor the shield of night could save—
Death is the patriot's dower—
His freedom is the grave!"

Then thrice the warriors uttered "wo!"
And thrice waved their sabres to and fro,

And vanished then with a hollow groan,
And the Priestess stood by her shrine alone.
The fire burned dim, but it burned on still,
When again there came from Ida's hill
The wild low hymn of death;
But in wrath and grief it came,
And the listener held his breath,
And called on Jesu's name.

"Slaves to the Moslem! victory's lords!
To the dust again bequeath your swords?
No—they shall gleam in carnage yet
'Mid the deep death-thirst of the bayonet!
The corse of Rhigas floats on the wave,
But his *spirit* sleeps not in the grave.
Let a nation's battle-cry
Ring on the free-born air!
Let groans ascend the sky—
The hero dwells not there!"

The voice of wrath is high and loud,
And the Great of Greece are stern and proud,
And the beacon-fires are lighted now
On the sea's wild wave and the mountain's brow,
And the sword gleams red on Marathon,
And a strong arm shakes the Ott'man throne!
In the Grecian army's van,
'Mid havoc, death and flame,
Careers a god-like man—
His war-word, Rhigas' name!

SONNET.

Syren, Farewell! perchance, a last Farewell!
Thy victim votary loves alike and fears
Thy potent spell, thy bay-wreath gemmed with tears;
Thine eye and voice, that bid the bosom swell;
Thy charms, thy woes, no mortal tongue may tell;
Beauty that maddens, and despair that sears,
The spirit glowing in its youth of years,
Throned in its heaven of thought o'er yawning hell!

Lonely and dark have been my youthful days;
Burdened with poverty, and woes, and lies,
And all to me beneath the watchful skies,
Have been untrue, save Him I ever praise;
Then fare thee well, O Syren of the heart!
My hope in Heaven will never more depart.

FINIS.